Week ending Oct. 24 1959

JOHN BULL

Everybody's Weekly

EVERY WEDNESDAY 5d

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You can't play safe at soccer: by TOM FINNEY

The new Inspector Poirot mystery: by AGATHA CHRISTIE

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JOHN BULL
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The Cover

IT looked just fine in the pattern book . . . gay, casual, a joy to the discerning eye. Then she surprised him—dazzled him, in fact—with a colour scheme that took his breath away. But the tender care that's going into this natty piece of knitwear is more than enough to silence the most reluctant husband. He's not a man to forget his marriage vows (". . . for better, for worse") so quickly. "But one thing is certain," says artist Laurent. "He'll be a man who stands out in a crowd"

Free Speech

JOHN BULL: EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post and in our feature "We Advise."

The Friendly Few

AS the personnel officer of a large commercial firm I have to see a good many young men who want to join us. Only about one in a hundred is taken on—and there is one important factor which will determine whether the youngster enters that exclusive minority or not.

It's not a brilliant school or university record. My firm has found time after time that friendliness is far more important than academic abilities.

Naturally the ideal candidate would have both qualities. Generally, however, the brilliant youngster is inclined to be too stiff and reserved, while the friendly type has only an average academic record.

But in business it's unlikely that anyone will ever be pushed to the absolute limits of his intellectual capacities.

It's a much better guarantee of success to be able to get along with most people, get the best out of subordinates and stay on the right side of superiors.—J. T. S., Leeds.

That Second Crop

Despite what the experts say ("Free Speech," October 3), we have a pear tree which blossoms and bears fruit twice *every* year.

The first crop consists of a few perfectly shaped pears, some weighing about seven ounces. The second crop is more numerous, but smaller in size and irregularly shaped. Is there an explanation for this?—J. R. WETTON, Woodstock Road, Moseley, Birmingham, 15.

"It is much more common for some varieties of pears, notably Laxton's Superb, to bear secondary fruit than for apples to do so," says the East Malling Research Station.

"However, the second crop is never of a very high quality and growers are well advised to pick off the second lot of blossom so that the tree is not weakened producing a crop which isn't worth much."

Birds On Course

While I was watching pigeons feeding outside Victoria Station in London, a car back-fired. Without a second's hesitation every bird was airborne.

This was to be expected, but I don't understand why every single bird took off in the same direction and maintained the same course in flight. Were they following a leader?—L. J. PACKER, Mackenzie Road, Beckenham, Kent.

"Nobody really knows why birds in flocks follow the same direction," says an ornithologist. "One theory is that they follow a leader and, in fact, do not change direction at exactly the same time. Another is that there is a sort of group consciousness which enables them to act simultaneously."

Extra Weight

Before the war and during the lean war years butter was sold at net weight.

Now we are back in years of peace and plenty—but we are compelled to accept gross weight, which takes in wrapping. Why is this?—P. FIGGINS, Portsmouth, Hants.

"There has been no change in the law since 1926," says the Board of Trade. "Butter always could be sold by gross weight, but a great deal was sold by net weight.

"It is certainly true that more firms now sell by gross weight; obviously it is to their advantage. However, this is always subject to a specified amount of paper being used."

House Hold-ups

During the past few months a number of my friends have been buying new houses, which were still under construction when viewed.

They all had the same experience

of being given the date of completion by the builders and then finding that their house was not nearly finished on that date.

One couple actually added three weeks on the date, as they were selling their old house and wanted to be sure they could move straight into the new house.

Even then it was not finished in time, and the furniture had to be stored in a garage.

Many house purchasers have the same frustration and extra expense. Builders may have a good reason, but I wonder why it happens so often.—MRS. LILIAS MOFFAT, South Ockenden, Romford, Essex.

"Most of these promises to have the house finished on a certain date are completely worthless in law," says a lawyer.

"The only complete safeguard the purchaser has is to make the completion date the essence of the contract—which means that it is specifically agreed that unless the house is finished by a certain date the contract is null and void. Few builders agree to this sort of contract."

Expensive Girls

Why is it that girls' clothes are more expensive than boys'? Recently I purchased a boy's overcoat and decided to buy a similar one at the same shop for my daughter.

In the girls' department the same coat was thirty shillings dearer, the only visible difference being the style of the sleeves and pockets.

I bought the second coat from the boys' department. — MRS. DOROTHY J. MILLS, Woodfield Road, Rothley, Leicester.

"There are fundamental differences in girls' and boys' coats, probably not obvious to the ordinary eye, which would account for a difference in cost," says an expert on children's clothes.

"Girls' clothes generally cost more because there is a matter of fashion to be taken into account, whereas boys' garments follow a few styles and there is less risk for the manufacturer."

. . . For eight years I worked in a large drapery store and was continually asked why children's garments cost almost as much as adults'.

I was often accused of making fantastic profits, while in fact the margin had to be cut to a minimum because of high manufacturing costs.

My department was regarded mainly as a goodwill service to customers, and a stepping stone into the adult department, where the real profits were made.—MRS. S. J. TUTTY, Jermyn Street, Leicester.

Counting By Hand

I recently came across this old method of multiplying by nine. Raise both hands side by side with the palms towards you. To multiply nine by, say, four you bend down the fourth finger from the left (thumbs count as fingers). The fingers to the left of the bent one represent tens, those to the right units, three and six—thirty-six.

If only I had known this simple method in my schooldays!—MRS. H. T., Thetford, Norfolk.

Cinema Flare-up

The approach of Guy Fawkes night reminds me of a very amusing situation in which I was involved last year.

I purchased a box of coloured matches for a friend's son, but forgot that they were in my pocket.

The same evening I visited the

cinema, got out my cigarettes and, as I thought, my matches. Imagine my horror when after striking one, a huge red glare lit up the cinema.—HARRY DOUBLE, London, E.12.

Health Distinction

Children attending fee-paying schools get the daily ration of free milk, just as children in State schools do. It therefore seems illogical that school medical and dental services are not also extended to fee-paying schools.

Many parents send their children to fee-paying schools because of religious and other beliefs and not always from an attitude of snobbery. I think that these children should be as much a concern of the health departments as are their counterparts in the State schools.—MRS. D. E. BOWDREN, Albert Road, Portishead, nr. Bristol.

"School health services are run by the local authority," says the Ministry of Education. "Each authority can decide its policy towards private schools—in some cases the owners of a private school come to an arrangement whereby dental and medical examinations are carried out. The authority may make a charge or not, as it wishes."

Gas Blockage

Some time ago I wanted to make a present of a small electric boiler to a person living in Glasgow. With this in mind I called at my local electricity showroom and offered

Free Speech

continued from page 3

to pay for a model there and then, expecting the electricity board to have it delivered from their Glasgow showrooms.

To my surprise I was told that this is impossible, all boards being run as separate units. I was instead given the address of a showroom in Glasgow and told that I could arrange the purchase myself.—Z. S. SERAFIN, Roe Green Close, Hatfield, Herts.

"There is a difficult position in this case, as, by Act of Parliament, Scotland's electricity boards are entirely separate from those of England and Wales from a national administrative viewpoint.

"Your reader would have found this matter dealt with much more easily if he had wanted the appliance delivered to any town or city in England or Wales. There is no organized contact between Scottish and English boards for this purpose."

Keeping Milk Safe

As a dairyman I would like to point out the most obvious disadvantage to the use of brown milk bottles, as in Denmark ("Free Speech," October 3). It would be virtually impossible to spot any foreign bodies which had accidentally been left in the bottles.

This sort of thing happens with our clear bottles, but for each one which reaches the public about a dozen are spotted by the dairy workers.—K. L., Lancs.

"I've spoken to Continental experts about this difficulty," says a British dairy expert. "They say that in yellow light it is easy to see through the brown bottles. They also make the point that the real safeguard for the public lies in the dairy's general standards of cleanliness and safety. Given that, visual inspection is not all that important."

Cement Short-Cut

One of a large army of do-it-yourself men where cement work in the house or garden is concerned, I have always regarded this as a messy job. Now a friend who works on construction projects tells me that concrete can be laid without water.

He has been working on resurfacing an airfield runway and the technique used was to apply the cement mixture dry and then apply pressure.

He claimed that the result was even better than the slower water-mixing and did away with waiting for setting and hardening.

Can this system be used on smaller tasks?—J. H., Harrow, Middlesex.

"Two techniques fit this description," says the Cement and Concrete Association. "One is soil stabilization, by which cement is mixed with the soil and then subjected to great pressure.

"The other is dry lean concrete in which there is one part cement to seventeen parts aggregate. Both require extremely great pressure and, while they have been tried for garden paths, are not really economical for small jobs."

A Dog's World

There are so many stray dogs without collars in this country that perhaps we should follow the examples of Switzerland or the Isle of Man in making the tracing of lost dogs easier.

Dog collars in Switzerland carry details of the owner and some a coin for telephoning him if the dog strays.

In the Isle of Man, dog licences are issued with a small metal plate to be attached to the dog's collar. One year the plate is of brass, the next of copper and the shapes are changed. In this way

the police can tell at a glance whether a dog is licensed for that year.—MRS. D. SMITH, Silver Street, Norwich.

"The Isle of Man sounds as though it is much more progressive than England's Victorian attitude towards stray dogs," says the Canine Defence League.

"Every dog in this country must wear a collar carrying its owner's name and address. Otherwise the police have power to impound the dog and destroy it if not claimed in seven days.

"We are dissatisfied with this arrangement. We want to eliminate the stray dog from Britain. One way will be to set up a central clearing point to which details of all stray dogs found by the police will be notified. We hope to have the relevant Act of Parliament amended very soon."

Letterbox Rules

There are some remarkable rules in the post office constitution. It is not permitted to deliver mail through a letterbox in a back door, even if the front is unsuitable.

Instead one has to call for the mail at the post office, for which service the annual charge may be several pounds a year. This sum is for rent of a pigeonhole used once daily and would appear to be a sweet little racket.—NOEL B. CLEARE, West Coker Road, Yeovil, Somerset.

"There is a rule that deliveries will not be made to back doors," says the post office.

"This is simply to cut down the time taken for deliveries, and exceptions are made if back door delivery does not mean extra work.

"The charge for collection at the sorting office is £3 a year. It is made necessary by the extra work involved in taking out one letter from those for each street. It's easier to deliver the letters in the normal manner."

Flaw In Fairyland

Is nothing sacred these days? For years I have been a regular theatregoer, revelling in the magic which lies beyond the footlights and envying those larger-than-life actors and actresses for their glamorous lives, their sparkling personalities, their airs and graces. . . .

Now you have destroyed my little myth. How sad to read (JOHN BULL, October 3) of the years of tribulation which go into the overnight success. How disillusioning to find that these superior mortals are, in fact, immature and suffer from agonies of nervous tension.

The theatre will never be the same again for me.—G. B. W., Brighton.

In our article, "So You Want To Be An Actress," the cost of two years' training at the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art was given as £27. This should have been £270.

WORTH WAITING FOR

So greatly enlarged is the very special October Heating and Lighting Number of IDEAL HOME Magazine that publication was unavoidably delayed until Thursday, October 22. Hundreds of thousands have been waiting for this outstanding issue, and you are advised to go for your copy immediately

Drink With A Kick

When the Lancastria—the subject of an excellent series in JOHN BULL recently—was sunk on June 17, 1940, I had just returned to the cabin which I was sharing with my company commander.

He unearthed a bottle of Scotch, which he had managed to bring on the long trek from Rouen. I poured out a couple of drinks and had just taken a mouthful when the bomb fell.

The terrific blast from the explosion cut the glass I was holding clean in two. I looked across at my C.O. and said: "That was a whisky and soda, that was!"—GEORGE TONKIN, Lymington, Hants.

Suction Tonic

Every time I use my vacuum cleaner I find that within minutes I burst into song. I always understood that noise is harmful to the nerves, yet when I finish cleaning I feel fresh and happy, as if the chore has been a wonderful tonic.

Most of my friends say that they are affected in the same way.

Can the hum of an electric motor

actually make us feel happy?—MRS. A. BEARCROFT, Ruddington Lane, Wilford, Nottingham.

"One explanation could be that a housewife, alone in the house, is conscious of the silence which is normally filled by the noise of the family," says a psychiatrist.

"To a certain extent the vacuum breaks the monotony by filling the house with noise—which can often be a comfort to someone who is lonely."

The Mighty Weed

This year we had our road made up. First of all the original surface was sprayed with a heavy dose of weed-killer. Then chalk was put on, followed by small pebbles.

After that came a generous layer of cinders, including such articles as hair grips and razor blades, presumably from the local refuse destructor.

Finally came a top layer of tar, rolled with a heavy roller. This was finished in June. Now, in spite of all the weight of materials and the dry summer, a dandelion has pushed its way up through the new road and is flourishing—just outside our house.—MRS. KITTY CLOUGH, Folkestone, Kent.

Tinker's Talk

Gilbert Harding recently defended the use of local dialect which also covered the use of local or quaint sayings.

I note, however, that in his latest column, he uses the phrase "not worth a tinker's cuss," saying that he would not like to have heard a tinker cuss.

Surely he is wrong in this. It should be a tinker's dam, this not being invective but referring to the dam made of clay which was put around holes in pots and pans to enable the tinker to repair them. This clay was then thrown away.

Hence the phrase "not worth a tinker's dam."—P. A. O. COLDHAM, Blucher Close, Waterloo, Liverpool, 22.

Don't miss these brilliant articles . . . NEXT WEEK

So you want to write a pop song

One of Britain's top song writers reveals the secrets of the hit parade by PADDY ROBERTS

We must do something about

BRITAIN'S INVISIBLE KILLER

by Dr. BRIAN ANSON

An American looks at Britain's biggest motor corporation

By DICK GROWALD

Correspondent for United Press International

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY HONISETT AND RON ATKINSON

SOME of us Americans cherish some pretty stupid ideas about Britain. I'll be a monkey's uncle if most Americans don't firmly believe that Englishmen look and act like picture postcard characters in one of Charles Dickens' novels. England, we are sure, is a tight little island of Kings and Queens, fog and warm beer, Piccadilly Circus and Yorkshire pudding, tea and crumpets. How about you?

What do you think of when (and if) you think of Texas? Podner, you're probably wrong; cowboys are nearly as rare in Texas as oil millionaires on the Isle of Wight.

Shut the door and I'll tell you a real secret. I had never heard of the British Motor Corporation before I reached London Airport from New York. I was blissfully ignorant that the cab that wheeled me into London (an Austin), the car that my boss drives (a Riley) and the truck that delivered my trunk (a Morris Commercial) all bore the B.M.C. brand.

Hard Cheese? Maybe for me, but not for B.M.C.

Back home in Texas (you don't tell me your Texas jokes and I won't tell you my English jokes) I hardly know anyone over the age of 13 who still rides a horse even infrequently. But friends roll through the wide open spaces in M.G.s and Austins and my parents are just breaking in their second Morris. They also own a car cast in the elephantine mould of Detroit iron (I don't want you to get the idea that my family is un-American).

In my ignorance I took these sturdy English cars for granted. They were just there, like a mountain climber's mountain. However, I did

have a hunch that something was going on. Something, somewhere, had done what nobody thought was possible. Detroit, that Babylon of chrome, had begun making loud, unhappy noises like a wounded elephant. An invasion of efficient, economical, beautifully built British cars—like no-nonsense M.G.s and impish little Sprites—was working an American Revolution.

This time the British were winning and many American motorists couldn't be happier.

DETROIT's big automakers, I fearlessly predict, will go on selling big cars at big prices. But the fact is that Britain's biggest motor corporation, B.M.C. (the fourth Biggest in the World), is cheerfully swamped with more American orders than it can fill today. The big three automakers of Detroit, like the three bears trying to figure who ate the porridge, no longer grin and dismiss the auto-motive invasion from Britain as a passing fad, like Hoola Hoops, nine-day bicycle races or the Charleston.

Detroit, no longer laughing, is currently up to its shirtsleeves in attempting to produce their own "small" cars this fall. Imitation, to coin a cliché, is the sincerest form of flattery.

After arriving in Britain I began shedding my whimsical ideas of Britons. I have met no Oliver Twists, and I have begun to like warm beer. I wanted to see B.M.C., a British firm which has done what American firms have thus far been unable to do. I went and I saw. I honestly don't think Columbus was any more surprised.

Americans have always credited Britain with the ability to reign supreme in the field of quality craftsmanship. We thought we had a monopoly on mass production. B.M.C., I discovered, has hitched quality craftsmanship to mass production. Talk about Atomic Power.

Inside the glass and steel B.M.C. plants at Oxford and Longbridge workmen push buttons, adjust levers, twist dials and drink tea while running assembly lines that don't play second fiddle to Detroit.

Rolling off the end of these assembly lines are Morrises, Austins, Rileys, Wolseleys and the various breeds of each—including the new Austin 7. The Austin 7, whose 70 miles-an-hour speed even exceeds the legal limit in wild-west driving California, is a prize example (along with its twin, the Morris Mini-Minor) of top quality for a low budget.

The gleaming B.M.C. plants at Longbridge and Oxford roll like horizontal skyscrapers across the green countryside. They look as simple as the guts of guided missiles. They are no less effective.

Like cowboys herding dogies, overalled workmen nurse the cars down the assembly lines. Into one end of the building flow the skeleton bodies of the cars. The men and women of B.M.C. deftly attack the skeletons like plastic surgeons. On go the engine, the wheels, the wiring; the components fit like gloves.

THE skilled craftsmen of B.M.C. do everything but give each car its first mudguard dent. Any self-respecting motorist—British, American or even Texan—usually allows his wife that honour. Off the end of the line, out of the building comes another crisp, sparkling beauty like the Morris Oxford pictured here—just one example of B.M.C.'s 12,000-odd weekly output of automobiles.

Little things tell a lot at B.M.C. On the Austin 7 engine is a tiny metal plate that casually explains a near industrial miracle. It rather formally announces that into that engine went patents that are registered in Britain, Belgium, Pakistan, France, Holland, India, Italy, Australia, New Zealand, Portugal, Spain, Sweden, South Africa, Switzerland and the United States. From this island nation, so rich in natural brainpower but much shorter in natural resources, come the cars that carry much of the world. Although

nearly half of Britain's cars are B.M.C.-made, the company exports about 50 per cent of its production.

Which brings us to something larger. In the B.M.C. plant I saw what I thought was a building within a building. It was a monster machine, mastered by a few workers, which swallows entire car bodies. Untouched by human hands, the bodies are rust-proofed, painted and polished. A press of a button can use 16,000 gallons of paint in Florentine Blue, Lizard Green, Old English White, Yukon Grey and less gaudy tones like black. A fleet of cars can be skin-tight coated in less time than it took the artist to draw the pictures on this page.

B.M.C. executives, who must scout their customer quirks from Manitoba to Melbourne, say their overseas buyers prefer the lighter and brighter tones. British customers, although increasingly flirting with the pastels, still thrive on the blacks and the blues.

THE company's crack engineers at Longbridge, where the Austin and the regal Princess emerge, long ago developed the men and machines that can fit any car with a right- or left-hand steering wheel without a pause on the assembly line.

At Oxford, as at all B.M.C. plants, quality is sacred. They spent £12,000 on a paint "Hospital" they never use. (Such a thing is high crime and treason in Detroit.) The "Hospital" was built to touch up any possible defect on the cars' original paint jobs. As I said, it has never been used.

B.M.C.'s happy marriage of quality and economy in automobile production flowers in the use of leather. Morris and Austin owners ride on leather seats that would have made Buffalo Bill's spangled saddle look crude. Back home leather goes only into the Limousines. (Why Britons buy

seat covers mystifies me. It is like coating gold with chrome.)

Birmingham, Oxford, Coventry and Abingdon plants glisten with, may I say, American efficiency. Waste is a dirty word at B.M.C. Under the awesome paint machine at Oxford is a shiny steel basement pool into which drips the excess paint. The blues and greens and reds and greys bubble and blend into a liquid pattern resembling a school child's finger-paintings or a Jackson Pollock masterpiece.

The B.M.C. man who led me down to inspect the paint pool paused and stared into the pool that is drained off and dumped. He looked unhappy. I asked why.

"I can't but believe it's a waste. We should be able to find some use for all this color," he said. Darned if I don't think they will.

At Abingdon B.M.C. operates what is officially called the M.G. works. But the world's sports car lovers call it home. It certainly resembles a country home more than a factory. When the completed M.G.A.s, Austin Healeys and Sprites zip out of the plant's doors, they pass within a few feet of grazing cattle. The workmen are probably the only assembly line crewmen in the world who puff on pipes. They look as contented as the cows; they have the ultra-high skill for which Britain is famed. They smile when they work. This is work?

THE Plant produces ("creates" would say the sports car fan) about 550 M.G.A.s and 650 Austin Healeys—the Sprite and the '3000'—a week. And this is a plant where pride, as much as quality, has left the assembly line without a single conveyor belt.

I have seen grown men weep after some barbarian's vehicle dented their Abingdon-built cars. (Personally, I'm a barbarian . . . and a confirmed one until I can get my hands on a Sprite which designer Sydney Enever accurately describes as "a good little fun car".) The male attachment to these sports cars has probably caused wives and girl-friends from Los Angeles to Hong Kong to suspect that Abingdon wields the black magic clutched by the ladies known as—Monroe, Bardot and Ekberg.

Americans have admired British car designs for years—chiefly for their classical "purity" and not their streamlining. But a new day dawns. World-famed auto stylist Pinin Farina, who is doing for car lines what Dior did for feminine lines, has an influence on B.M.C.'s drawing-boards these days.

The fin-tailed Morris Oxford is a good product of Farina's new look. His last American effort, by the way, also produced a beauty; but the car was a Detroit dandy costing £4,636 before taxes, as compared with the "Oxford's" "easy on the pocket" £585!

The styling break-through keeps pace with the firm's mechanical talent. Stirling Moss used an M.G. engine and a B.M.C. built body to pepper that 245.64 mile-an-hour course across the Utah Salt Flats.

B.M.C. produce more than half a million vehicles a year and a hundred thousand will go to North America this year.

And I know where one other B.M.C. car went. An American Correspondent, formerly just one of thousands of M.G.A. owners in California, took a new M.G.A. along on a new assignment—to Moscow.

My colleague reports it's no small ego builder to drive the only sports car in Russia. Just another one of those crazy Americans.

Have we BUNGLED our nuclear energy programme?

1945... and to a Britain hit by war comes the promise of a swift, easy road to fabulous prosperity. Eagerly Britain's statesmen set the scientists to work to capture the key to this new life—atomic energy.

Now the dream has faded. Huge sums have been spent; fierce criticism has come from home and abroad....

Did we step in too soon? Has our money been wasted? Are we rushing too fast in the wrong direction? These are vital questions behind this searching inquiry into Britain's most urgent problem.

by LIONEL DAVIDSON

ONE grey October day in 1945, Christopher Hinton, the government's director of bomb and shell-filling factories, called by invitation on the Minister of Supply. Hinton was forty-four. He had been loaned to the government by I.C.I. as an up-and-coming engineer. He had made himself a reputation as a man with exceptional flair for organization.

After some minutes of small-talk, the minister got down to business. There was a particular job, he said, that the government had in mind for Hinton.

Hinton asked what job.

The minister said plutonium production. The embassy in Washington, he said, had recently reported strong indications that America meant to keep the atom bomb to herself. Britain could not accept this position. Our scientists had contributed decisively to the theoretical work on the bomb. There was still general alarm in Europe. It was considered imperative that Britain should have the bomb.

A research division had been established a few days previously under John Cockcroft at Harwell. This would set a target figure for the amount of plutonium necessary to produce the bomb. A production division would then be created to produce the plutonium. A weapons division would follow to make the bomb. What the government had in mind for Hinton was the production division.

Hinton said he would like to consider it, and asked two further questions. Where were his offices and what size was his staff?

There was a short answer to both. There were no offices and no staff. He would start from scratch.

Hinton telephoned a few days later, accepting, and the same week approached three friends to join him. They were Leonard Owen, D. W. Cole and H. V. Disney, all engineers he had worked with at I.C.I. At varying intervals they agreed and were sworn in under the Official Secrets Act.

On January 29, 1946, the Prime Minister briefly announced the formation of an organization "to produce fissile materials," and three days afterwards Hinton called the first meeting of his executives.

They were by this time twelve in number, but still lacked an office. Since, however, it seemed best to have his headquarters in the country's industrial belt, he called the meeting in Crewe. It took place in the Crewe Arms Hotel, which is opposite the railway station.

Here, atomic energy can be said to have begun in Britain.

Not one man at that historic meeting at the Crewe Arms Hotel could foresee the giant strides atomic energy would make in Britain in the next ten years. "We set out to make a bomb," one member of the group has said, "and we made an industrial revolution as well."

There was a sense of constraint at the meeting. Although only one man had any clear idea of atomic energy all were horrifyingly aware of the murderous forces they were being asked to control—and of the tremendous speed of advance.

Less than nine years before, Rutherford had declared the outlook unpromising for the harnessing of atomic power. Less than four years before, Fermi had actually done it. Less than five *months* before, that power had been lethally released for the first time over Hiroshima....

The one man present who understood nuclear theory was Dr. D. W. Ginns, a scientist who had

Christopher Hinton (right) pioneered the use of nuclear energy for peaceful purposes. He began his work in October, 1945, with no staff and no offices. Three months later Hinton called the first meeting of his twelve executives in the Crewe Arms Hotel (below), opposite Crewe railway station

Have we bungled our nuclear energy programme?

continued from previous page

worked for some time at the Chalk River project in Canada. Hinton opened the meeting by asking him to explain in simple terms what atomic energy was.

Ginns did his best.

He explained that all matter was made up of atoms, that each atom had a nucleus, and that the parts of the nucleus were held together by "binding energy." If you could get at the nucleus and split it, you could release the binding energy, like releasing a spring. The release of energy from each atom was infinitesimal, but if you could release enough at the same time the result was an immense burst of power.

The only practicable way to split a large number of atoms was to get them to do the job themselves—that was, to allow each released "spring" to hit the spring of another atom, and release this in turn. Within a fraction of a second billions of atoms would be splitting up on all sides. This was called a chain reaction.

The only element in nature whose atoms would split up spontaneously in this way was uranium. Even with uranium less than one atom in a hundred was capable of fission (or splitting up). But a by-product of uranium, after it had been subjected to the fission process, was plutonium. And plutonium had a far higher fission rate. So it was plutonium they were after to put in a bomb.

Ginn's exposition raised more queries than it answered. After the first round of puzzled questions, it emerged that satisfactory fission would occur only with uranium of exceptional purity. Ginns thought that no more than a few pounds of this might be extracted from a ton of ore. He had no detailed suggestions to offer on the processes necessary or on the probable layout of the factory that would be required.

Hinton wrote on his pad: *1. Uranium refining plant.*

Before the meeting broke up there were three other notes on his pad.

2. Uranium manufacturing plant (refined uranium to be fabricated in rods, each sealed in canister).

3. Reactor (to process uranium into plutonium).

4. Extraction plant (to recover plutonium from used uranium).

Four factories seemed enough to be going on with.

Five-year deadline

As the twelve men left the hotel to catch their trains, there was little conversation. The size of the task, the unfamiliar terms and barely-glimpsed problems, were daunting.

One fact alone was known for certain. Hinton had learned it from the minister the previous week. Bulk supplies of plutonium had to be ready by the end of 1950. They had less than five years to build a new industry. He had not had the heart to tell the others yet.

On February 4, 1946, Hinton found an office. It was in one of his old filling factories at Risley, a few miles out of Warrington. Here he established the headquarters of the production division.

(The headquarters are still there, though the old building has been torn down long since. Huge modern blocks, housing a staff of three thousand rise sheer from the Lancashire fields. Hinton, now Sir Christopher, is no longer there. Owen, now Sir Leonard, is managing director today.)

Hinton began the busiest period of his life. Every week fresh faces appeared. By the end of February, there were eighteen; by August, 142; by December, 243. As each new batch arrived, the "veterans" who had managed to grasp an inkling of the job gave lectures to the newcomers.

The most baffling problem was the complete absence of any previous design studies. In planning a new building a designer normally first lays out a "flow-sheet," a diagram showing the sequence of processes to be carried out in the building, and then sends for file drawings of buildings already designed for such processes.

In this case it was not possible even to lay out a flow-sheet. Nobody knew the processes.

"It's rather like asking a tone-deaf man to write a symphony," one of Hinton's executives remarked one day.

"Except," Hinton replied, "that we have also to design the instruments as well."

Taking each factory in turn, he began to break down its requirements into a list of probabilities. The first was the uranium plant. The processes needed here would be chemical: that much at least was known. It seemed therefore a wise step to lay claim to an existing chemical works (which would have essential services already laid on) and adapt the building as new facts came to light.

A few miles from Risley, a poison gas works had just shut down. Hinton took it.

When Harwell, a few weeks later, broke down the extraction process into four main operations, he appointed a design engineer for each operation, and turned to the next job.

Plenty of ideas

Hundreds of traditions were started that first exciting year. Experience, as the new arrivals dizzily discovered, counted for less in this job than ideas. There were plenty of ideas. There was Gott's fin.

The nuclear reactor, as originally conceived, was water-cooled, following American practice. The heat generated in the pile could burn up plutonium as fast as it was produced; water provided an efficient means of carrying the heat away.

With water, however, there were certain snags. For a start, there had to be plenty of it, in a very pure state. Also, because water absorbed radioactivity, the reactor would have to be sited fifty miles from the nearest town (so the government decided) in case of accidents.

Surveying parties set out to find sites that would meet these requirements—but after some months, to the alarm of

the government, had found only one, and that was not entirely satisfactory.

During a week when the reports were particularly gloomy, Howard Gott dreamed up his fin.

If fins could be attached to the uranium canisters, Gott argued, heat might be drawn off more quickly. If it were drawn off quickly, a draught of air instead of water might suffice to carry it away. If air (which absorbs little radioactivity) were used, the accident risk would be decreased—and the reactor would not have to be so remotely situated.

In a mood of heady excitement, the fin was quickly built and tried out. It worked. Plans for a water-cooled reactor were promptly scrapped, and an air-cooled pile designed. The surveyors were recalled, a site selected at Sellafield in Cumberland, and government approval swiftly secured.

Howard Gott's fin led directly to the present mammoth plants known as Windscale, Calder Hall and Chapel Cross—and to the most rapid and fantastic power programme ever devised. That was the way things developed at Hinton's headquarters.

Because of the complexity of the programme, Hinton devised a work schedule outlining several thousand "tasks," each broken down into stages. So that no stage should be held up by another, he laid it down that each had to be completed by the specified date whether the basic problems had been solved or not. Often this involved ordering millions of pounds' worth of equipment on the basis of indecisive experiments.

The most intractable problem was the extraction of uranium from the tons of leaden rock that arrived from the Congo. Although the main lines of the process had been established, many of the operations were new to both chemistry and engineering.

The lumps of rock were first crushed and then dissolved in acid. The residue had to be filtered to get rid of unwanted substances, some radioactive. In an effort to perfect this filtering process, chemists got through drum after drum of the ore to try to produce just a few ounces of pure uranium. By the due date they had still not managed it.

Hinton, who had made the problem his own, sent for the results of the experiment and was handed a bottle.

"It was a four-ounce bottle," he recalls today, "and all that was in it was a sample of sludge at the bottom." There was no way of telling if the process was right, but on the basis of the sludge he ordered a large bank of filtering machinery. Luckily, the experiment proved to be on the right lines.

Scores, if not hundreds, of similar problems had to be handled—and because of the unknown dangers all came under the supervision of the analytical division. This was a sort of counting house for radioactivity. Every trace that came into the works had to be accounted for.

Emergency team

Any discrepancy between input and output (including by-products and waste material) brought an emergency team into service with the job of tracking down the missing radioactivity. Human lungs, skin and hair, clothing, dust, air and water were all examined until the loss was balanced.

In this atmosphere of controlled emergency and optimism, the programme raced on. Every factory was commissioned within a month of the due date, the Windscale reactor, the last of them, in 1950. In July of that year, the last uranium rod went in, the chain reaction began and plutonium began to form. Hinton had met his target.

Nobody at Risley can say today precisely when work first began on the idea of using atomic energy for power stations. The principle had been obvious from the start that since heat was produced during fission it could provide a useful source of energy.

Some time during the autumn and winter of 1947, engineers engaged on the problem of heat-transfer from the reactor, had the first glimmerings of a possible solution. A few rough sketches of "heat-exchangers" were at any rate produced around this time. However, the defence programme was too urgent to allow this kind of "day-dreaming" and a directive was issued advising everyone to stick to the main job.

The following year, the situation changed dramatically. The country had been running short of coal since the war. A tremendous programme of industrial expansion had begun under the first Labour government; thousands of new factories were making impossible demands on the electricity supply which depended on coal. Several power stations had to be hurriedly converted to use expensively imported oil.

In this situation the Risley engineers' doodles suddenly assumed great importance. In February, 1948, a group of industrial firms was asked to put up ideas for raising steam from "an unconventional furnace." The furnace, they were told, was merely "a large box" that produced heat over a specified range of temperatures.

Cockcroft's research division at Harwell, put on its mettle by this approach to outside experts, also got busy.

Despite the urgency, no decision could be taken immediately. The enormous cost of nuclear development (£20 million up to the prototype stage for each reactor) precluded detailed consideration of more than one or at most two basic designs. Even Russia and America with thousands more scientists tackling the problem had been unable to decide which line to pursue.

By 1950, however, British scientists were becoming impatient and several reports appeared urging that a design conference should be called at once. Nuclear energy, it was pointed out, was bound to be the main source of energy in the future—and Britain with dwindling coal reserves had no time to spare.

Calculations showed that a ton of uranium could produce as much heat as 30,000 tons of coal. In addition, because of the plutonium by-product, it should be possible to generate electricity at less than a penny a unit.

Although this latter figure was regarded with some scepticism by foreign experts, it created a sensation in Whitehall, and when in September, 1950, performance figures became available from Windscale, a conference was finally called at Harwell.

It turned out to be an argumentative one.

One group of scientists wanted work to begin at once on a fast breeder reactor (an enriched-uranium plant theoretically capable of providing one million times the power of coal).

Others, feeling that a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush, urged merely an improvement of the basic Windscale design. This, although massive and comparatively inefficient, used natural uranium—and gave the best chance of a quick, stop-gap type of power station.

"In spite of the misgivings of the supporters of fast reactors," the record of the meeting summed it up, "the conference as a whole agreed on . . . power generated by burning natural uranium."

Though few realized it at the time, it was a decision likely to affect Britain's future for several generations to come. It set the pattern for Calder Hall. And Calder Hall set the pattern for something very much bigger.

Dangerous metals

Calder Hall, the most novel and complicated building ever erected in the world up to that time, took two years to plan and three and a half to build. Materials used in it were of such exceptional purity that all factories making components were stripped and examined for "forbidding elements" before work began.

These elements included a long list of metals such as copper and lead that might accidentally get into the reactors and interfere with the fission process. Even ordinary thermometers were banned from the factories—in case they should be broken and leak "forbidden" mercury.

The nuclear furnace, a structure as big as a house, was built of 58,000 graphite bricks, each numbered and laid in a predetermined position. The bricks, vacuum-cleaned and individually cartoned before leaving the factory, were handled in conditions of

Calder Hall, Cumberland, the first full-scale atomic power station in Britain—and the world. It took two years to plan, three and a half to build

GETTING TO KNOW YOURSELF

How good are your nerves?

Do you keep cool and calm—or do you jump at shadows? These questions, set by a doctor, will tell you if your nervous system is in good shape

1. You are walking along a country road when a thunderstorm begins to rumble in the distance. You are a mile from your destination. Do you

(a) begin to hurry without knowing why?
(b) continue at your previous pace after calculating that you will be indoors before the rain comes?
(c) recall stories of death from lightning?

2. Do you practise any compulsive actions such as touching lamp-posts, walking on pavement cracks, tapping a cigarette before lighting it, seeing if "wet paint" notices are correct?

(a) Yes.
(b) No.

3. The dressing-table or similar drawer where you keep personal items, or the desk with personal papers: is it

(a) always as tidy as if for a military inspection?
(b) always in a hopeless jumble?
(c) occasionally tidy when you have a special clearance?

4. Was there, in the past six months, an occasion when you lost your temper and said things you now regret?

(a) Yes.
(b) No.
(c) You can't remember.

5. At weekends or on holiday have you sometimes wondered why

(a) you always want to be "on the go?"
(b) you always seem to be bored and tired?
(c) there is so much to do and see but so little time?

6. During your sleep would you say a notable fact is that

(a) you have a good many frightening dreams?
(b) you have delightful dreams?
(c) you never seem to dream, at least not to remember the details?

7. In times of crisis or when something unexpected suddenly occurs

(a) does your heart seem to go faster?
(b) do you seem to know instinctively what to do?
(c) do you feel bewildered and wish someone would advise you?

8. Late one night, when the road is deserted, a rather hefty individual, obviously drunk, stops you and asks the time or way. Do you

(a) calmly answer him just as you would a meek little man in broad daylight?
(b) mutter something and hurry past?
(c) try to be polite while you start to feel premonitory fears about an attack?

9. A friend tells you about a member of his club who has made a violent protest because, accidentally, his honour of O.B.E. has been omitted from a formal announcement of his election as president. Is your private reaction

(a) to sympathize with the man for the insult?
(b) to consider it a fuss over a trivial mistake?
(c) to feel that it was an unfortunate, but easily remedied, mistake?

10. Doubtless you are often tempted to try some do-it-yourself job about the home. The work completed, is your reaction

(a) that it's not bad for an amateur?
(b) to feel that you must spend a lot more time trying to improve it?
(c) to throw the thing away or have it done professionally because it's not a bit like the instructions said it would be?

Now turn to page 40

continued from previous page

surgical cleanliness. Every time a worker entered the reactor, he had to strip and change. If he forgot something outside, he had to repeat the performance before re-entering.

The reactor base had to take a weight of a thousand tons without bending more than a quarter of an inch in the centre. All other parts of the building had to be true to a hundredth of an inch.

Of the labour force, several thousand strong, exactly one-third was fully employed checking the work of the rest.

Despite the minute planning of this fantastic building, several important features had to be left to chance. The pressure of the gas that would transfer the heat could not be fixed until the thickness of the pressure vessel was known.

This depended on the maximum width of steel that could be welded on the spot. It turned out to be two inches—which allowed a final operating pressure of a hundred pounds per square inch.

Also unknown was the final size of the gigantic heat exchangers which had to be made in ten sections and brought by road from Renfrew. In this case the limits were set by a nasty corner in the village of Egremont—which dictated the width of the sections and hence the final size.

Feeling optimistic

Hinton and his team-leader for the project, R. V. Moore (the wartime "backroom boy" who had dismantled the first magnetic mine and won the George Cross), took all these problems in their stride and bulldozed ahead.

The problems were solved so rapidly indeed that an extraordinary feeling of optimism built up on the site and at the Risley headquarters. The scientists involved began to experience what one has described as "a feeling of absolute certainty that we were on the track not only of a simple stop-gap type of reactor but of the kind of plant that this country needed for a full-power programme."

The main reason for their enthusiasm was that improved design had made possible higher temperatures—which would give more steam and therefore more electricity from the same fuel. Far from the original forecast of "less than a penny a unit" being too optimistic, it looked like being an overestimate.

Moreover, most of the cost represented the enormous expense of the building. The fuel itself, in terms of heat output, was a mere fraction of the price of coal. If temperatures could be raised farther and building costs decreased with later designs, the price per unit would drop sharply.

Politicians who visited the site and talked to the experts caught something of the fever—and carried it back with them to Whitehall. In February, 1955, over a year before the reactor was even tried out, a new power programme was announced.

Although America and Russia still hesitated, Britain was leaping into the nuclear age. Calder Hall, the reactor built in haste to provide stop-gap power, had turned up trumps. Twelve more like it would be built within ten years. Industrial firms would be invited to form themselves into consortia to undertake the work—and would be allowed to undertake similar orders abroad.

Having taken the bull by the horns, Britain was making a bid to become the world's civil nuclear power. What coal had done for her in an earlier industrial revolution, the atom could do again now.

At Calder Hall the news created tremendous jubilation. On May 17, 1956, the first reactor was completed and uranium loading began immediately. All the week, the fuel elements—forty inches long and an inch wide inside their canisters—were lowered into the loading channels inside the graphite core.

Although theoretically the chain reaction should begin with any quantity of uranium, for technical reasons it cannot sustain itself unless a "critical mass" is brought together. This mass varies with each reactor.

At Calder Hall, mathematicians had calculated that criticality would be reached with 130 tons. For the first five days, therefore, several channels were loaded simultaneously and uranium went in by the ton. After 125 tons, work proceeded more precisely and scientists carefully watched their instruments.

By May 22 the rods were going in one at a time. At 6 p.m. the needle began to tremble. At 7.15 p.m. precisely the critical rod went home. The needle slowly swung and steadied.

The watching scientists broke into a ragged and self-conscious cheer. The world's first civil nuclear power station, the model for so many more, had "gone critical."

By the time the Queen threw a switch connecting the turbines with the national grid, five months later, there was cause for even greater jubilation. The critical mass was smaller than expected—giving power to spare. The price of current generated would be a little over ·6d. per unit—barely higher than conventional power.

One foreign delegation after another arrived to inspect the plant, and was gleefully shown the tiny road bridge over the River Calder, the only means of entry and exit needed by this self-sufficient and quietly-purring power station.

Other power stations needed miles of railway track, thousands of coal trucks and squads of men to handle the fuel. At Calder, no new fuel would be needed for a considerable time; and even when required would need the services only of a dozen or so lorries every year.

In addition, large deposits of crude uranium had been found all over the Commonwealth. With nuclear power as distinct from oil power (the Suez crisis had just begun) Britain was secure from foreign upsets.

The government took the same view. Only a year after the original programme, a new one was announced. *Nineteen* stations would now be built in the same period, and the power output trebled. Calder Hall had shown that stations of this type were economical, foolproof and inherently safe.

At Risley and Harwell and in the offices of the industrial consortia, affairs were moving with great speed and confidence. This was still the case six months later, when a number of unfortunate things happened to blur the rosy outlook.

The first was that American scientists began publicly warning that Britain's crash programme had led her into huge investment in a type of reactor that was "clumsy, expensive, inefficient and dangerous."

Prestige, not profit

The second was that the expected fuel crisis suddenly receded and vast stocks of coal began to build up. The government acted promptly, reducing the proposed number of nuclear stations to the original twelve and delaying the programme by a year.

The third was that the consortia began to realize there was more prestige than profit in the business. Each preliminary design study they had provided in answer to foreign inquiries had cost them roughly £100,000—and had failed to win a single order.

Then on October 10, 1957, to cap everything that depressing autumn, something went wrong at Windscale. Number one reactor overheated, tons of uranium melted and dangerous radioactivity escaped through the filters.

As far away as London people got a year's dose of radiation in a single day. For two hundred square miles around the plant milk had to be poured away for several weeks, and local inhabitants began noticing strange mutations among plant life.

A Committee of Inquiry was at once set up to investigate the accident. It disclosed an alarming state of affairs.

NEXT WEEK: A day of disaster at Windscale

EH, PASQUALINO!

The great Caruso had spoken those words, long, long ago. Why should they suddenly be worth a fortune?

by HUW GRIFFITH

ILLUSTRATED BY BATCHELOR

WELL, it's all over now, and everything is all right again, although not very long ago it looked as if the whole Esposito family was going to break right up. This would have been pretty bad, because we're a big family—Mamma and Pappa and six kids, counting Beppe, who is married and has made me an uncle.

My name is George Esposito because I was born the day my father, Pasquale Esposito, became a British citizen. He was so proud, he named me after the king of England. But what I want to tell you about is the record, and what happened to it and to the Espositos because of it. I know it sounds silly when I tell you, of all things, what a recording of "Celeste Aida" by Enrico Caruso did to us, but it's the truth, all of it.

As long as I can remember anything at all, I remember the Sunday evenings in our little parlour, even when I was little and we lived in the East End of London. It's gone on the same, right here in Soho, too.

The whole family was always together then—Pappa and Mamma, of course; and Angelina, Beppe (who now has Rosa and little Peppino), Enrico, Giovanni, Mary; and me—George. We last two are the only Espositos who have real English names, though Mamma calls us Maria and Giorgio.

Let me tell you, it was a roomful, especially when the Pezzullos from next door came in. But we didn't mind. What did it matter where you sat when you were listening to beautiful music?

You see, Pappa had a job at Keller's, the big music shop just off the Tottenham Court Road. It wasn't much of a job in those days but, even if he was only a cleaner, it paid enough money for him to take care of his family, and he could be near music. Before he came to London, Pappa played the cello in the string quartet at the Ristorante Ricco—one of the best places to eat in Naples, in case you ever go there.

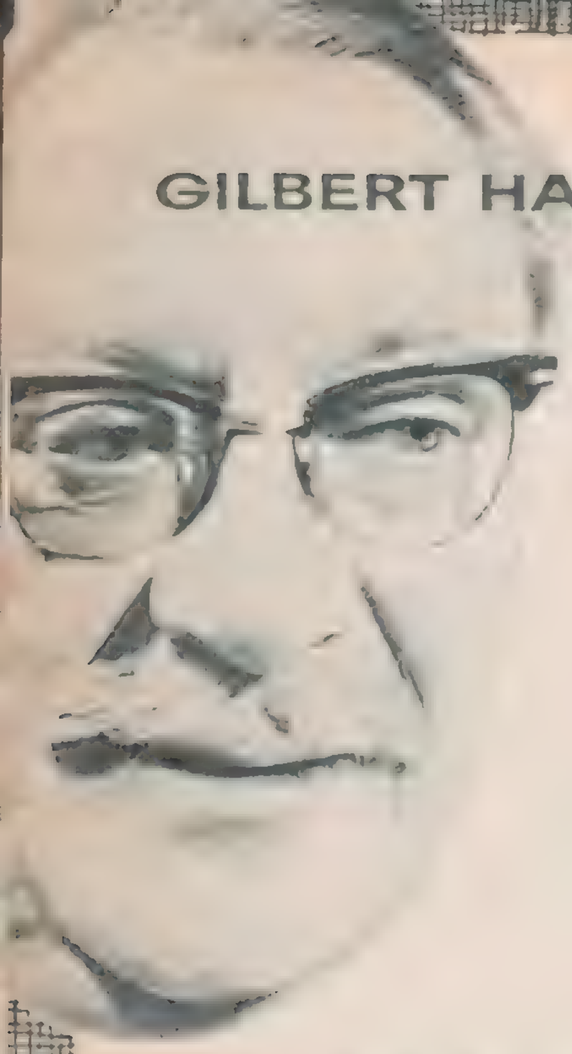
I WAS telling you about Pappa. As I said, he didn't mind being a cleaner, because he was where he could hear music all day. Also Mr. Keller took a liking to Pappa, and let him bring records home over the weekend, so we could hear all the beautiful music that Pappa listened to every day at the shop when he swept the floors.

So that's the way the Sunday evenings began. We had a gramophone, a secondhand one that Pappa got at the shop quite cheaply; not the latest model, of course, but it had a clear tone, and that's what counts. It was my job to wind it up between records, but that's as much as Pappa would let any of us do. He always changed the records himself. In all the years he brought records home, only one was broken and two scratched. That's pretty good, I would say.

We all love good music. From the very beginning, even back in Italy before my eldest brother, Beppe, was born, the Esposito house had music in it. And after Mamma and Pappa got to London and could afford it, there was a piano, and Angelina and Beppe took lessons. Later there was a violin for Giovanni; and Mamma, who had done

"Mr. Esposito," said the little man in the brown suit, "my company will pay you four thousand pounds for all rights to use this recording." We all gasped—except Pappa

GILBERT HARDING SAYS...



This is the way to lose friends

AT a cocktail party the other day I was buttonholed by a fierce young woman with a long cigarette holder who asked if I didn't think that "handwriting tells all."

I could not agree with her. In common with many other "ologies," astrology, phrenology and psychology among them, graphology, the interpretation of character study through handwriting excites my gravest suspicions.

Some of the nicest people I know write abominably, and I'm sure that there are many hardened criminals who write with copper-plate beauty. I have a friend who writes equally well, though in different styles, with both hands. A graphologist described his right-hand style as that of a "brave, dominating character," while his left-hand style was that of a man who was "shy and somewhat lacking in ambition."

In short, I think graphology is bunk. The way you write depends much more on the way you were taught, and on the amount of writing you do.

Horrible script

As an ex-schoolmaster who has earned not a few hard-won guineas marking examination papers, I recognize only two kinds of writing: the legible and the illegible. Regretably the latter is on the increase.

In the course of my life I have seen three schools of handwriting teaching. When I was a boy we began with pot hooks and then learned how to make thin upstrokes and thick downstrokes.

Then came a horrible phase in which children were taught to "write script," the idea being to make the letters look like typewriting script. This meant that the handwriting had little or no individuality.

Now I am glad to notice the decline of the Italianate handwriting which was so fashionable a few years ago. At its best this had the merit of being legible, but again individuality was smothered in style.

The ideal is to receive a letter in a hand which you can both read easily and recognize at once as belonging to someone you know.

Among my letters recently there was one from an old lady in Belfast who, in a good old-fashioned phrase said: "I write a good fist, if I may say so, much better than the present generation. At least it's legible."

How right she was. The craze for speed, the popularity of the typewriter, and sheer laziness, have largely destroyed pride in handwriting. People no longer bother even to make their signatures legible.

I could go on for ever about the annoyances I find in many letters I receive, especially from young people—no margins, no paragraphs, no spacing, often no punctuation. I consider that decent, legible handwriting is among the most gracious courtesies we can offer our friends. I am offended by the converse. I do not "forgive this hasty scrawl."

For me the ultimate horror is a typewritten letter with a scrawled and illegible signature. If I have to reply to one of these, I find myself beginning, Dear Sir or Madam.

Recently I received what I felt was a most impertinent letter. It had the appearance of a circular. My name had been casually inserted after the word "Dear," and at the bottom were the pompous words: "Dictated by So-and-So and signed in his absence Such-and-Such." It asked me to perform some honorary function at a school. I suppose they had sent out a score or so to different personalities, hoping they would hook at least one.

My answer asked Miss Such-and-Such to tell Mr. So-and-So that I had only just time enough to sign and date my own letters without wasting it on schools where educational standards seem to have disappeared.

If only people would realize that in spite of all that modern science achieves, in spite of split atoms, rockets to the moon, interplanetary travel and so on, the most important human activity is still, and always will be, the communication of ideas. And handwriting remains of basic importance.

If you expect someone to read what you write, or listen to what you say, then you should make it as easy as possible to understand.

Throw them away

I remember a young man expounding a theory to a group of older people, of whom I was one, with a pipe in his mouth. I was obliged to ask him if he thought that what he said was of such significance, that we had to strain our ears and our patience to hear him.

I have long made it a practice never to reply to a question put by anyone with a cigarette in his mouth. Illegible letters I throw away.

Handwriting deserves more attention than it gets in our schools. But when I said this the other day a schoolmaster replied: "That takes us back to the days of the R's," as if he were speaking of public hanging or some other primitive custom. I still have to learn what makes a better grounding for a child than that he should be able to write clearly, read distinctly, and be able to do simple arithmetic accurately.

But they are, I suppose, like many other simple things such as home-baked bread and fresh air, becoming things of the past. THE END

Eh, Pasqualino!

continued from previous page

some singing herself before she got married, taught Enrico to sing, because he had the best voice—and maybe just a little because his name was Enrico. As for me, I was learning the piccolo in the school orchestra.

There was more than music to our Sundays in the parlour. There was the being together, and for me that was best of all. During the week we were all running in and out of the house to and from school and work. Only at supper could we be together—and then only for a little while, because Angelina had her night classes at the polytechnic; and Beppe and Giovanni were going for their lessons at a technical school; and Enrico practised his singing in the bedroom with the door closed; and Mary and I had our homework. So it was really only on Sundays that we could gather in the parlour with the lights dim and listen while Pappa played the operas of Verdi and the symphonies of Beethoven.

For over an hour we would listen. Then Pappa would say: "That's all for tonight," and start to shut the lid of the gramophone.

"But the record, Pappa," everyone in the room would cry. "We want to hear the record!"

Pappa would look mystified, as though he didn't know what we were talking about. "The record? What record?"

"The Caruso record," we would come back at him, grinning. "You know the one we mean!"

Pappa would look mystified, as though he didn't know what we meant. Then his eyes would twinkle and light up, and he'd say: "Ah! The Caruso record! . . . well, *bambini*, if you insist." He would shake his head. "But I do not understand why you want this record every time."

PAPPA knew his part in this game. He would pick up the record I mentioned before, "Celeste Aida," from the table, where he had placed it, knowing that we would demand it.

To me, it was the best recording Caruso ever made of that lovely aria of Verdi's. Maybe it was because I had heard it almost every Sunday since I could remember. Maybe it was because it was the only one of its kind, and it was ours.

Well, here is how it came to be. You see, long ago in Naples, Pappa had known the great Caruso. Sometimes the famous tenor would come to Ricco's for a late supper when he was singing at the San Carlo. He even sang with the quartet when he felt like it—just got up in the middle of supper and sang. It was really something to hear, Pappa says.

Pappa had written to Caruso that he and Mamma and Beppe would soon be in London. The great man had made him promise to write if the Espositos arrived while he was there. He was not one to forget his old friends. If he had been, there wouldn't have been the record, nor the thing that happened to us because of it.

I've heard so many times the story of Pappa's meeting in London with the man that my brother Enrico is named after, that now I almost feel I was there myself that day when Pappa, following Caruso's instructions, went to the studio where the famous tenor was making recordings.

It was while he was singing into the big flower-shaped horn of the recording machine that Pappa entered the studio, having been permitted to enter with the card that Caruso had sent him. The aria was nearly over, the high clear notes of that difficult solo going on to the soft wax disc so easily. *Ay mamma mia!* There was a voice from heaven.

Caruso turned away from the horn as he let go of the last note, and it was then he saw Pappa through the glass, and waved and smiled, crying out, *"Eh, Pasqualino, cumme stai?"*—which is how they say "How are you?" in Naples. And even before Pappa could answer him, the great man came rushing out of the studio and embraced him joyfully. "Come," he said in Italian. "We shall hear the record, then have some lunch. A feast it shall be! A feast to welcome my old friend to his new home!" Then he laughed and embraced Pappa again.

They sat down to listen to the record. The last note of Caruso faded. There was a pause, and *"Eh, Pasqualino, cumme stai?"* came out of the loudspeaker.

Pappa says Caruso turned speechlessly, and pointed his finger at Pappa and then at himself in astonishment.

The engineers in the recording room had funny looks on their faces as they hurried out. "I'm afraid I'd like the record done again, Mister Caruso," the musical director said. "It would be very difficult to cut out that last part without ruining the music. There isn't enough of a pause between the last note of the singing and the words you spoke."

CARUSO shrugged his shoulders. "Very well," he grinned. "Is all right, we do it over again." He got up and started back into the studio. "I will not be long, Pasqualino," he said.

Pappa says his heart seemed to quiver and his voice would hardly come as he stopped the singer. "Enrico," he said, "what is to become of the one you just made?"

Caruso went through the motions of breaking an invisible record over his knee, grinning as he did so.

Pappa nodded gravely, his voice trembling as he continued, "Enrico, may I have it?" he whispered.

The tenor did not seem to understand. "You want the record, Pasqualino?" he asked. "But why? It is no good. I can make you a better one right now."

"No, no, my friend!" Pappa begged. "Please, I want only that one—the one where you speak to me, and call my name."

Caruso laughed and slapped Pappa on the back. "Ah, now I see!" he said. "Of course you may have the record. One 'Celeste Aida' just for you!" And he added, "with my special autograph!"

So, nearly every Sunday after that, we listened to the golden voice of Enrico Caruso singing "Celeste Aida," then felt proud and happy as we heard this greatest tenor of all times call out joyfully to our own father, *"Eh, Pasqualino, cumme stai?"* as if he were there in our parlour with us.

Well, the years passed and we all grew older. The big boys began to shave and the girls to round out their figures. Beppe married and Angelina got a secretarial position, a good one.

The Sunday evenings continued through all these changes in our lives. By now Pappa had a better job at Keller's and no longer had to sweep and mop the floors. He didn't have to borrow records, either. We saved through the years and bought our own.

Pappa's record by Caruso, though, was still the prize possession of the Espositos, and it never seemed to get scratched or worn. Of course no one touched it but Pappa, and he was very careful, playing it only once a week, and always with a new needle.

IT was after the Sunday when my sister Angelina first brought Dick Mantini, whom she worked for, home to supper and our concert afterwards, that things began to change. Dick was just a young chap, but he had a wonderful position in the import-export business, and Angelina was his secretary. He certainly had a strange look on his face when we began our act of, "The record, Pappa! Let us hear the record!" Then Angelina explained what it was all about, and Dick smiled politely as Pappa carefully lowered the needle on to the whirling disc.

I never saw anyone spring into life as quickly as Dick when he realized that *"Eh, Pasqualino, cumme stai?"* was on the record.

"Hey, that was wonderful!" Dick almost shouted. "There's a real collector's item, I'd say. Ought to be

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I took our dog to finishing school

by BRENDA BOWEN-JONES

Brenda Bowen-Jones leaves Nicky outside shops, sure he won't move

Nicky the Pup made our lives a nightmare. But now he's learned his lessons . . . and come to heel

At the Bristol dog-training school, dogs of all breeds learn to sit, stay and heel at their owners' command. Nearly one hundred and fifty similar centres are registered at the Kennel Club

THE first time I took our dog Nicky to a dog-training school in Bristol, another new pupil, a powerful young alsatian, temporarily upset the lesson by hauling its owner across the classroom on the end of its lead and sitting on the feet of the man's young son, who had been standing in a corner to watch. There, it gazed possessively at the boy, ignoring everyone else.

"Perhaps your dog would pay more attention," I suggested brightly, "if you took it to the other side of the room."

"I can't," the man replied.

It was reassuring to discover that our own dog was not alone in its need for instruction.

We bought our animal—a Shetland sheep-dog with tricolour markings—while we were on holiday in Sussex last year. There were two puppies unsold in the litter at the time. One was quiet and gentle. The other was Nicky.

"Since you have children in the family, I think the robust one would be best," said the breeder. My husband Elwyn and I agreed. We did not wish to overwhelm our new pet.

Menace in shops

We need not have worried. Nicky stood on his own four feet from the start. In the house, his favourite plaything was the wastepaper basket, and before long, 10 Woodland Grove, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol, which I had previously managed to maintain as a tidy home, looked like Hampstead Heath the morning after bank holiday.

Our dog brought his exuberance shopping with me. When I tied him outside a self-service store, where dogs are not permitted to enter, he snapped his lead and came bounding between the counters like a greyhound. The manager gave me a meaningful scowl.

One quiet afternoon in Coombe Lane, Bristol, I heard a screech of brakes and looked round in time to see that the animal had almost been run down by a car. I decided then that for the sake of society, and my sanity, it was time our puppy was properly trained.

For a subscription of 12s. 6d. I was able to enrol Nicky as a beginner with the Bristol Dog Training Society—one of 149 similar organizations in Britain registered at the Kennel Club—and last autumn the family took its pet to "school" for the first time.

Nicky was delighted by the scene that met us when we arrived. Excited dogs and dismayed human beings were everywhere. People were shouting and unravelling leads from their legs, while their pets lunged happily at each other's throats. Tawny alsatians, beribboned poodles, terriers, bloodhounds. . . .

Eventually the class was called to order by the instructor, Pauline Cole, a tall, slender young woman with an exceptional facility for getting dogs to obey her, and the animals and their owners were organized into a circle.

Since the responsibility for our dog was mine during most of the day, I led him to his place on his slip-chain, and Elwyn and the children sat and watched.

Nicky was six months old—the ideal age, we were told, to begin schooling. Before that, a puppy is too excitable to concentrate. Nevertheless, it is never too late for a dog to learn.

The first lesson dealt with "walking to heel." Each dog had to walk round the circle of pupils, led by its owner. When a dog tried to pull ahead, the owner had to tug the slip-chain firmly and command the creature to "heel."

Many of the results were unorthodox. As each pupil came in range of the other dogs, they lunged at it, barking. For most of the animals, the first round was a series of potential dog-fights.

Some of them were reluctant to start. One Staffordshire bull terrier, a breed noted for its tenacity, refused to budge. Eventually, its owner, a stout man, dragged it round as though on skids.

Useless to shout

We soon discovered that training a dog is not just a question of shouting commands. One or two men who bellowed got nowhere; a large woman who began each manœuvre with, "Come along, darling—come with Mother," led her peke in the most immaculate circuit of the evening.

During his first few attempts, Nicky was as excitable and unresponsive as I was self-conscious, but I kept jerking the chain and telling him to heel—trying to be "encouraging and firm"—and by the end of the lesson Nicky was beginning to react to the order.

Some experts believe that dogs can be taught to attach meanings to as many as a hundred human sounds. But, for general obedience, only half a dozen words are required: heel, sit, down, stand, stay and come.

One of the first things Nicky had to learn was the meaning of the word "sit," which I conveyed by gently pressing on his back with my hand as I said it. Most of the dogs picked up this lesson very quickly and were anxious to display their erudition by sitting whenever possible, often in response to a different command.

We learned never to give a command unless we were determined to see it carried out. "One act of disobedience condoned can undo weeks of training," said Pauline Cole. "Your dog should enjoy its schooling. If it's bored it won't learn. Make much of it when it does a thing properly for the first time."

After the first evening we attended class regularly every week. Nicky soon got to know what the car ride meant on Thursday evenings, and there was no doubt that he enjoyed himself. When we were half-way to the hall he stood up on the back seat, thumped his tail against the children—David, who is twelve, and Susan, ten—and yelped until we reached our destination.

We soon picked the clever pupils from the dunces. The star student was a

I took our dog to finishing school

continued from previous page

white poodle—a bitch of such academic brilliance that it eventually got about three months ahead of the other dogs and left while we were still half-way through the curriculum.

Nicky was an average pupil. At the bottom of the class were a dizzy boxer with a Marilyn Monroe wiggle, and the bull terrier.

When the dogs could walk to heel on their leads, and sit when told, we taught them to stand and lie from a sitting position.

In the first place, we gave the order, "stand" and took a pace away from our dogs, holding the leads. As the dogs stood up to follow, we said, "stay."

To get them to lie, once they were sitting, we took hold of the leads close to the necks of our dogs, commanded "down," and firmly pulled towards the floor.

For those with powerful dogs, this was not always easy. Marilyn's owner had to get down on all-fours himself before the dog would lower its barrel chest to the floor.

Then it immediately raised its back legs, and dog and owner faced each other, elbows down, sterns up, in a state of impasse.

The bull terrier made less fuss of the exercises. Maintaining its policy of passive resistance, it simply rolled over on its broad and beefy back and raised all four legs in the air.

Nicky mastered this phase of instruction fairly easily and we passed on to what was officially known as the "stay and recall on lead." This involved getting the dogs to sit, then making them stay still while the owners moved as far away as the leads would allow.

Each time I tried to move from Nicky, the friendly creature got up and followed. Again and again I made him sit. Then, at last, he saw what was required and impatiently waited to be called.

At the end of eight weeks' tuition, Nicky took an intermediate exam—the Dog Training Society's novice-grade certificate—and passed with eighty-four marks out of ninety. Now, we were told, the really serious part of the course was beginning; the part that led up to the exam for the graduate certificate—the canine "eleven-plus."

'Eleven-plus' dogs

"Eleven-plus" dogs are a credit to themselves and their owners. Untrained dogs are often a nuisance to society. Last year dogs were blamed in 2,724 cases reported to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents. Most of them would not have happened if the animals had been under control.

The new term started with the pupils walking to heel, off their leads. Then we went back over the other earlier lessons, with the vital difference that the dogs were not on their slip-chains and therefore under no direct physical control. For a while they ran riot, but gradually the earlier training prevailed.

There was a good deal of "home-work" for Nicky to do between classes, and each member of the family took it in turn to supervise. Periods of home schooling, we had been told, should be regular and of short duration. We found that ten minutes, once or twice a day, was enough.

Our dog was a member of the family, and we tackled its training as a family enterprise. On Thursday evenings our programme was inflexible. "Thursday is Nicky's school night," we said if we happened to have guests staying in the house. "You can either come with us, or stay on your own."

Many of the dog owners looked forward to the social side of class nights, which provided them with an opportunity of meeting all sorts of people with a common interest. One elderly spinster told me that she had been lonely before she brought her dog to the school, but that the classes had enabled her to make friends. "People don't stand on their dignity here," she said.

For the Dog Training Society's graduate examination each dog has to stay still for two minutes off the lead while its owner moves away. This was a difficult lesson for Nicky, who was unused to sitting still under any circumstances. The method of instruction was to back away a few paces, steadying the dog with your voice, then return and praise it before it moved. Gradually, the distance was increased.

After many sessions, I reached the stage when I could back right across the room, leaving Nicky by the far wall.

Examination fears

"Now try walking away normally, with your back to the dog, instead of facing it," said the instructor. Step by step, expecting Nicky to come bounding past me, I made my way across the room. As I was about to turn, I felt a damp nose in the palm of my hand. Nicky had shadowed me all the way.

As the three months of Nicky's second term of schooling drew near its close, we began to view the coming examination with apprehension. The dog was moody. Half-way through a test he might get bored and start scratching. Or he might go into one of his lunatic periods. On the other hand, he might be docile and brilliant.

Then, three weeks before the exam, Nicky became unwell. His eyes were glazed, and he whimpered as if in pain.

"It's kidney trouble," said the vet. "You'll have to keep your dog away from training classes for a couple of weeks." Our hopes sank. We had counted on those classes to make good any weak points in Nicky's education.

Nicky took the dogs' "eleven-plus" this year. He had recovered from his illness and we had given him some homework to make up for lost time.

When each dog had been tested, the examiner strode to the centre of the hall, holding a number of small cards.

"Nicky," he said, holding out one of the certificates. "Passed—with honours."

Nicky had gained fifty-two points out of sixty. Most of the other animals had passed the exam, some, including the peke, with distinction; others, among them the boxer, with less to spare. The bull terrier scored a near miss, but we heard that it passed later.

For those who wished their dogs to go on to advanced work, there were now further classes in "distant control," "recalling to heel," and "scent discrimination."

For the time being, we are content with what we have achieved. Shopping with Nicky is no longer a nightmare. When I go into a shop, I simply tell him to sit outside, where I know he will be waiting when I come out. The other day, as I left the self-service store where Nicky had disgraced us earlier, the manager beamed at me.

"Is it true what I've heard, Mrs. Jones?" he said. "Have you really been taking your dog to school?"

I called Nicky to my side. I ordered him to heel.

I said: "You shouldn't believe everything Nicky tells you." THE END

The New Love

You gaze at her enraptured,
with such joy,
This lovely radiant creature; with kid gloves
You treat her and protect her:
a new toy
That is the latest of your many loves.

You are her slave, and love indeed is blind
For a few weeks; you go through every weather,
You and the car, until her faults you find:
The glamour and the gloss wear off together.

DOUGLAS GIBSON

Rear View

Girls with broad backs
Should never wear slacks.
They'd get their man
With more spick and less span!

NOEL SCOTT

Sally Does The Flowers

She'd never dreamed that flower-arranging was so fraught, said Sally. She had always thought you cut all the flowers you could spare from the garden, threw away the dead ones and plonked the rest into a vase, or—if you were being original—a teapot.

It had never crossed her mind that you needed *courses* for it, but Sally had let herself be inveigled into going to one, very modern, where every petal had tremendous significance. And what did I think they'd given her to arrange the very first day? A potato, one of those gigantic chrysanthemums which look like Yorkshire terriers, and a handful of pebbles. Sally said she was absolutely foxed.

She looked at the potato for ages, trying to *see* it as something—a poem, perhaps, or a sunrise, or Spring Love, but it resolutely remained a potato. After a bit it seemed to be looking at *her*, out of the corners of its beady little eyes, as if it were saying: "Go on; arrange me."

So, just for fun, Sally upended the chrysanthemum head on top of the potato, cut a slice out of it for a mouth and stuck one of the pebbles in for a nose.

Sally said she'd always wondered what it felt like to be expelled, and now she knew.

DAPHNE BOUTWOOD

Note From The Head

I am sorry to hear that Joan has been complaining she is unfairly treated in the school orchestra. There is no need for her to feel overlooked. The tuba is a very powerful instrument and composers do not use it all the time; but she is a very strong girl and when her instrument does come in she quite dominates the orchestra.

The lack of tuba solos in our annual concerts is solely due to the shortage of suitable compositions. Her friends, Claudine, who plays the glockenspiel, and Maudie, who plays the castanets, could make a similar complaint, but very sportingly they never do.

I am afraid that the place where Joan sits in the orchestra depends on the instrument she plays—though as you point out, there are positions in which she would be more visible to the audience. I am afraid that it is quite out of the question to have one player of heavy brass in the front row of the strings.

It is kind of you to offer to have Joan's name inscribed on the bell of her tuba in letters large enough to be seen at the back of the hall, as in the orchestras you mention. Unfortunately I could not allow this unless every child's name were displayed, and with some instruments, such as the flute or triangle, this would be a little difficult to arrange. R. G. G. PRICE

PERSONAL COLUMN

WILL George Rummage, of Brixton, last heard of on a coach outing to Brighton in September, 1955, return at once as his rabbits are UTTERLY OUT OF CONTROL.

ROYAL ACADEMICIAN will tint your holiday snaps and add REAL HAIR. State favourite colours. JB 131.

TV COMEDIAN, feeling strain of daily travel, is selling his 8,000-acres estate in Home Counties. Deal includes two villages, which might be sold separately, and gift of curacy. JB 132.

CAPTAIN of RMS Opulent confidently recommends John Jackson, ship's gardener for 20 years, to landlubber family. Best dahlia man on India run. JB 133.

THE publishers of *No Room At The Bottom* wish to state that the Millie Milch in that novel is not to be identified with Millicent Milch of 14 Acacia Crescent, East Bickering, who has never pushed any of her fiancés off the Matterhorn.

WORLD WAR 2 souvenirs. Several sets concrete road blocks and airfield obstacles, all shapes. Also complete run of London-Colchester milestones, slightly chipped. JB 134.

TO MUSEUMS: Plaster fig-leaves always in stock. JB 135.

FOR the relief of Wilting Moustache, Ingrowing Ears, Doodler's Cramp, Postman's

E. S. TURNER

Does your voice get you on?

Shaw knew how important an upper-crust accent is in England—and his play *Pygmalion* argues that the right vowels are the key to high society. Above, in the musical version, *My Fair Lady*, Professor Higgins (Alec Clunes) gives Eliza (Anne Rogers) a new accent

Now you can learn to talk your way to the top. Success may be stuck on the tip of your tongue

by KEITH ELLIS

THE sales manager had often wondered why he never got a seat on the board. He was a senior man with a brilliant selling record, but somehow it never came.

One day, his managing director sent him for a course at a business school, where he made a recording of his own voice. When the principal played it back to him he realized, for the first time, how badly he spoke. His intonation was poor, he dropped his word-endings, and even to him the way he pronounced some words sounded queer.

"What can I do about it?" he asked.

An instructor gave him simple lessons in voice production, taught him the correct way to pronounce the words that troubled him and suggested that he looked up the pronunciations of long words before using them.

The sales manager practised diligently. His voice improved, and soon he gained the seat on the board.

But he never found out the whole story. His boss had wanted to promote him all along but had feared that his speech would show up badly to other firms. He had sent him on the course not to learn salesmanship but just to improve his speech.

Since the war, top jobs in business, the professions and the civil service have become more accessible to able men and women with a working-class background. But ability is not enough. Most of them have found that a good speaking voice is equally essential to success.

The result is that more people are taking lessons in speaking than ever before. "Ten years ago," says Miss Audrey Bullard, a leading London speech teacher, "I thought I'd be out of business. But the demand grows all the time."

While private teachers take a steady stream of pupils willing to pay upwards of a guinea an hour for lessons, evening classes are booming. This year the City Literary Institute, one of dozens which offer courses in the London area, has twenty-six speech-classes.

All over the country pupils are doing their exercises—declaiming on lonely heaths, talking to themselves in cars or silently mouthing tongue-twisters behind newspapers in buses and traips.

Success in business almost invariably goes with a good speaking voice. Clarity, forcefulness and the ability to make oneself understood are what matter. Extreme dialects—whether of the rough diamond from Lancashire or of the exquisite young man of Mayfair—are both a disadvantage.

Alfred Tack, who runs a school for business men, says: "An unusual voice irritates people."

But an unobtrusive local accent is no hindrance. "A big firm wouldn't give a damn if the man could communicate effectively. A bit of dialect breaks the monotony," says Tack.

The only exceptions are a few businesses such as insurance and banking, where top jobs still tend to go to men with a public school and university background.

In practice the army seems to exercise a similar preference in its choice of officers. Some time ago, Antony Head, the then War Minister, admitted—but could not explain why—fewer officers came from the North than from the South.

George Chetwynd, speaking as M.P. for Stockton-on-Tees, suggested: "There is a real feeling in the North that more attention is paid by selection boards to the rather more sophisticated, smooth-tongued southerners than to the more solid type from the North, and this is mainly due to their accent."

At least one expert believes that a speech element other than accent determines whether a man will succeed. The idea first came to Kenneth Hudson, a B.B.C. West of England producer, during an interview with his bank manager. He suddenly realized that there was something familiar about the man's voice. "Do *all* bank managers speak in the same way?" he wondered.

During the next few weeks, he recorded a number of bank managers and found that all their voices had a common element. (Later, a critic who heard Hudson's recordings on the radio described it as "poignantly horrible false bonhomie.") When he went on to make recordings of people in other jobs, he made three separate discoveries.

First, people in a particular job tended to have a common form of speech. Business men tended to lengthen and stress their verbs, to say "are not" instead of "aren't." Among

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Her father had been saved from the firing squad. But death still lay

waiting along...

THE ROAD TO EXILE

by BRIAN CLEEVE

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

We lay in the shadow of the rocks, with the eastern sky like pearl, and a great pulse of orange flame where the hidden sun was already burning the horizon. In a few minutes it would be daybreak, in twenty it would be hot; but now it was cold. And for the small, jerkily marching figure a quarter of a mile away and below us, surrounded by the files of soldiers and the officer, it would be cold for ever.

"Give me the field-glasses," whispered Karen.

"No," I said. "Don't look. It's not your father."

They wheeled into the stone ditch behind the sand-yellow fort and separated, the prisoner very lonely against the rock wall, the officer's sword catching the first shaft of sunlight. Behind me, Krugler rasped a match on the seat of his denims, and it was as though he'd rasped it across my brain.

Why the hell had I come? If anything went wrong, one single, slightest thing, I would be down there in a few days' time. And what could happen in those few days didn't bear thinking about.

Down fell the sword. The toy soldiers fired; the white puffs of cotton-wool turned to gauze and disappeared. The little, lonely figure flung out its hands, staggered back as if it had been kicked. Fell. Ten days ago it had been the sleek and charmingly dishonest deputy assistant to the Minister of the Interior.

"We better go down closer," said Krugler. "Your daddy's next."

"No," whispered Karen. "I've got to watch . . . to see . . . if. . . ." She put her hand on my arm, looking at me with wide, dark, terrified eyes. "To see if. . . ."

"It'll be all right," I said.

I touched the canvas bag of gold sovereigns lying between us. There were five hundred of them. They were going to buy her father's life, if Captain Rafaele Jimenez kept his word. My sovereigns. Almost all my capital had gone into buying them. For Karen. How crazy can a man be?

I lay with my fists clenched till the nails hurt my palms, waiting for the next little toy procession, the next prisoner to take up his position against that blood-splashed wall—waiting for Karen's father.

Until ten days ago he had been the Special Adviser to the Minister for Finance, brought in by President Torelli and his *camarilla* to try and stave off the end. They had taken him from his Chair of Economics at the University, flattered him, lied to him, shown him false government accounts, employed him and his famous New Economic Theories to rip the last lootable wealth out of the country, while he in his professor's innocence thought he was providing desperately needed money for government ventures that would put the country on its feet again.

By the time he had discovered the truth it was too late. Torelli and his friends had gone, with their blonde secretaries and crocodile skin luggage, their diamond rings and their secret bank accounts in North America and Switzerland. And Karen's father, Professor Gustav Oxenstierna, woke one morning to find himself the most hated man in the country.

That had been ten days ago. The arrests and shootings had started at once. But they had kept Karen's father for a circus-trial, to help prevent the people from noticing that the new government was rather worse than Torelli's. And the night before the trial Karen had come to me, slipping into my office in the Beach Club.

She came up the wide, moonlit slope of sand wrapped in a dark silk evening cloak, tapped on the half open french window, and stepped inside. And my heart seemed to miss a beat, as it always seemed to do when she came near me. And then missed another as I guessed why she had come.

"Paul," she whispered. "You've got to help me. Please. . . ." She stood against the window, her hands flat to the glass, her cloak falling open to show the white sheath of her dress, the bronze of her shoulders.

I shrugged helplessly, opening my hands. "No one can help," I said.

She looked over her shoulder, closed the french windows, came to the corner of the desk, touched it with her long fingers. I felt as if she was touching me, and already I knew I was going to be a fool.

"You can," she breathed. "I've found out where the execution will take place. And who's in charge there. It's Captain Jimenez. He could be bribed. He owes money. . . ."

I knew the man all right, and I knew it was true what she said about him. I knew also how high the bribe would have to be—just about everything I had, short of selling the Beach Club itself. And for what? For the ninety per cent chance of failing and getting shot myself.

Everything I had. Or as close to it as Jimenez would be able to guess. Ten thousand dollars, round about. Not very much, perhaps, but tough enough to gather when you start from nothing—a boy tossed out of an orphanage at fourteen. I'd always been so careful to keep my nose clean, and to mind my own business. And now to risk everything. . . .

"Please," whispered Karen. She leaned on my desk, her face white with pleading. She was too proud to say any more, too desperate to go away.

"I'll send Krugler to him," I said through dry lips. "My boatman. He's very shrewd in things like this. And people would notice if I went myself. Where is . . . the place?"

"Fort San Antonio," Karen whispered. "May God reward you, Paul."

She bent down very swiftly and kissed my cheek, and I sat there for a long time after she had gone, wondering what I had done. And now, a week later, lying hidden among the rocks, I still didn't know. But I was deathly afraid I was soon going to find out.

Krugler had made the deal all right. For five hundred gold sovereigns, the only currency Jimenez would trust, payable on delivery. We had a jeep waiting up by the road, behind us. And eighty miles away, in a cove on the north coast, there was a boat—not very big, but big enough for Krugler to take Karen and her father to Port Samba, just inside our neighbour's territory, where Torelli and the others had already taken more luxurious refuge. If I drove hard I should be back in the capital with the jeep in time for lunch. Krugler should be back with the boat by midnight. Unless something went wrong. . . .

Round the yellow, shimmering corner of the fort the little procession came again. Only this time it was Karen's father who was in the middle. Captain Jimenez was to one side. Right wheel. Separate. Rifles lift. Sword flash in the sky.

"Mother of Heaven," whispered Karen. "Please . . . oh, please."

Krugler hawked in his throat and spat, and I could have killed him where he lay. The sword was falling. Small white puffs of smoke came from the rifle barrels. Karen's fingers were like steel hooks on my wrist, and my own breath was tight like a stone in my chest.

And now her father was crumpling, folding forward, sinking on to his knees, bowing down to the stones at his feet . . . sprawling.

"He's dead!" whispered Karen.

I clapped my hand over her mouth to stop the scream that was coming. "He's not dead," I whispered. "Didn't you see the way he fell? Not like the first man. He's shamming. Jimenez kept his word. They used blanks."

I could see the little, far-away figure of Jimenez strutting, flourishing his pistol, bending down, sharp-etched in the harsh

The road to exile

continued from previous page

gold of the sunlight. There came the solitary report of his pistol shot. The toy soldiers jerked to attention, wheeled and marched away, Jimenez behind them.

"We gotta be moving," rasped Krugler. He came to his feet, grunting, his thick arms hanging outwards from his barrel body like a pair of flippers. "Shall I carry the gold, boss?"

I gave it to him, and we started down the rock slope, keeping the lie of the ground between us and the fort. Karen said nothing. She was holding my arm tightly, stumbling among the loose stones, her eyes blind with terror of what we might find.

We came to the meeting place, behind the rock wall of the execution ditch, and Krugler put down the gold between his feet and hooted softly through his two joined hands.

"If he's dead . . ." breathed Karen.

I couldn't look at her face. Beyond the wall, boots crunched briskly on the stones, softer footsteps following, slower, hesitatingly.

Captain Jimenez came round the corner of the wall, smiling, elegant as a coat of varnish. Behind him came Karen's father. He was grey with ill-treatment and fatigue.

He held out his arms to Karen and she ran to him, clutched him to her. Jimenez bowed to her, clicked his heels, saluted me with an ironical flick of one gloved finger to the glossy peak of his cap, and turned to Krugler for the canvas bag. He weighed it thoughtfully, looking at me with one slightly lifted eyebrow. I could have thrown my arms round him, swine that he was. It was all right. We were all all right.

"You have a car ready?" he said.

"A jeep."

"Let me walk up to it with you," he smiled.

We climbed slowly to where the jeep was hidden, Karen and I helping her father, Krugler panting behind us, carrying the gold again, while Jimenez picked his way among the rocks, careful of his polished boots. I handed Karen into the front seat, began to help her father, hoisting him up with my hands under his elbows. And as I lifted, someone else's hands slid round me, whipped the pistol out of my shoulder holster.

I stayed quite still for a second, everything in me suddenly cold. Karen's father lowered himself heavily into the rear seat, not knowing what had happened.

Very slowly, my heart like lead, I turned round. Krugler was three paces back from me, covering me with his own gun, my pistol stuffed into his sagging trouser pocket. I looked at Jimenez. He was smiling gently, his revolver languidly pointed at Karen, almost like a caress.

"What's this?" I said through dry lips. "Blackmail?"

Jimenez shrugged, apologetically almost. I only noticed then how hard his eyes were. "Don't let's be harsh," he said, smiling a little. "Let's just say that I need more money. And Krugler would like some too. As soon as he came to me to discuss your little plan we saw the possibilities, didn't we?"

He nodded at Krugler, who smiled unpleasantly. I saw that his knuckle was almost white on the trigger, and stood deathly still.

"What do you think the possibilities are?" I said.

"That someone will pay a price for the three of you."

"No one will pay a price for me," I said. And realized what it meant as soon as I said it. I saw the gun lift a fraction in Krugler's fat, thick hand, the knuckles whiten still more. I shut my eyes, holding my breath against the slam of pain that was coming.

"No," said Jimenez sharply. "Not yet, Krugler. If no one else is interested, our friend will no doubt like to pay for himself. Isn't that so?" He jerked his gun at me. "Get in beside the old man. There's a small beach house I use sometimes up on the north coast. No one knows about it—except a few ladies." He bowed apologetically to Karen. "We might stay there, until we can arrange our little business satisfactorily. Don't you think? Until we see whether ex-President Torelli, or our new President Garcia, will pay more for the Professor and his so-beautiful daughter."

He came round the front of the jeep to the driving side. "I will drive. And Krugler will sit beside the señorita. With a gun in his hand. And I'm afraid that at the first hint of trouble he will fire it. Into the señorita."

He swung up into the driving seat, dropping his gun into his lap. The gold was on the floor between his elegant boots. The engine purred.

It seemed a very long time before I could think again. The road dipped into the Aranja valley, snaked across its fifty-mile breadth of desert. Now and then we passed through small, tumble-down Indian villages with staring children and patient, incurious adults. But it was no good calling out. Jimenez had a uniform and a gun, and that made him the Government in Indian eyes.

Two more villages; then a larger one; then nothing. The sun beat on my head and I felt sick.

We passed the half-way mark, where the road branched, left for the capital, right for the north coast. Once Karen leaned back, trying to tell me that she was sorry, and Krugler dug the muzzle of his gun hard into her ribs. He laughed at me as I tensed.

I said: "What do you think you'll get out of this, you poor slob? Do you think that dressed-up snake is going to keep his word to you any more than he has to us?"

"If I were you," said Jimenez evenly, raising his voice only slightly above the noise of the engine, "I'd remember that you're just ballast on this journey. Very expendable."

"Please," said the Professor beside me. It was the first time he'd spoken in an hour. "Don't make them angry. When we get wherever we're going . . . we'll . . . I'll talk to them. Arrange something."

He closed his eyes as if the effort even of talking had exhausted him. I tried desperately to think, to weigh up the odds. Three of us against two. But Karen was out of it. And so was her father. And I had no gun.

I looked at Krugler's face. He was watching Karen, the tip of his tongue smoothing his thick wet lips again and again. When he saw me watching him he grinned, stretched out his free hand and patted Karen's cheek, stroked his fingers downwards over her throat. I shut my eyes, trying to breathe. Anything to be done, I'd have to do. And before we reached where we were going.

"You don't like to look, eh?" said Krugler. "You think your girl's too high and mighty to be touched by a common boatman, eh? Fat Krugler, eh? Poor slob, eh? But it's revolution now. When people like me get our chances." He laughed and spat.

Jimenez said: "Shut up. And don't touch the señorita again. Except with your gun."

"Okay, okay," Krugler said. But his eyes went on touching.

I measured the distance to him, to the roll of fat behind his neck. There wasn't a chance. At my first lunge forward, Karen would be dead.

There couldn't be much more than twenty miles to go. Less than twenty to where I'd hidden the boat two nights ago, towing it up the coast with the launch, and leaving it anchored in a small rock cove. Maybe Jimenez's house was five miles farther. The road began to climb out of the valley. Ten, twelve miles of climb to the mountain ridge. Then a swift run down to the green coastal belt.

And something whispered in my mind—about the climb, about the ridge. It was a place where any car, even a jeep, had to slow down to first gear, crawl for over a mile at less than ten miles an hour up a winding road like a spiral staircase, like a series of twisted hairpins folding back on themselves. Sometimes the road was a stone track, sometimes a narrow ledge beside a fifty-foot drop, twisting and snaking between boulders split from the mountain side by the sun.

If I could jump for it at the beginning of that climb. . . . Would Krugler still shoot Karen if he saw me, not lunging towards him, but away? Escaping?

I tried to weigh the chances. The road grew steeper. I'd have to make up my mind very soon. I eased upwards in the seat, leaning well back. Krugler never moved. Dare I take the risk? But dare I not take it?

Now there was a corner coming, sharp round a leaning boulder, and the road seemed to go straight up like a cliff in front of us. Jimenez would have to change down again.

This was it. I couldn't breathe. I felt my legs wouldn't work. I heard the engine racing as the clutch pedal slammed down under Jimenez's foot.

I arched my back, slid my hand on to the bodywork behind me, vaulted softly out. The road swung up, tripped my feet, flung me sideways. I hunched my shoulders, somersaulted, rolled, felt my shoulder hit a stone, came to my feet and was running, back the way we'd come, round the boulder.

A gun coughed, a silver spit of metal streaked the face of the boulder beside my cheek, whined away into brightness. I flung myself at the rocks beside the road, climbing on all fours. Twenty yards away the jeep snarled to a stop, came racing backwards in reverse. So much the better for the vague, crazy plan in my head.

Up and up I went like a baboon, my back crawling as I waited to hear, to feel, the next bullet. It sounded very far away when it came. One. Two. A third. I looked down and the jeep was already small on the road below, Jimenez staring upwards, Krugler out on the road, his gun smoking.

I went on climbing, hidden from them now by the rocks. I came to the next loop of the road just as I heard the jeep starting again below.

By the road they had a quarter, maybe nearly half a mile to travel yet, before they reached the same spot. I had to find a boulder small enough to shift, but big enough to block the road.

I found one on the very edge of the road, and put my shoulder to it, the sweat running on me like a bath of oil. How long had I got? Three minutes? Two? I dug my feet into the rock dust, slipped, dug, strained. Stone crunched; the boulder began to topple.

It blocked three-quarters of the narrow road. Was that enough? I tried to move it again, and it was as solid as the mountainside. I could hear the jeep now, grinding upwards.

Nothing could get by that boulder, until it was shifted. I started up the mountainside again. It was steeper this time, almost overhanging the road. Twenty or thirty feet up, I got behind a jutting rock, picked out a loose stone as big as a man's head and poised it in my hands.

The jeep came swinging round the last vicious hairpin bend. There was the shudder of the brakes as Jimenez saw the boulder and stopped. The jeep began to slide back. Jimenez wrenched the gun out of his lap, staring round, and I felt the first beginnings of hope inside me. He raked the mountainside and I held my breath. But in a khaki shirt and shorts I was the colour of the rocks.

"Get out and shift that rock, Krugler," Jimenez said. "I'll cover you."

Very slowly and reluctantly, Krugler got down, waddled to the block, put his fat shoulder to it, heaved.

"Hurry, damn you," Jimenez said. I could hear the flicker of panic in his voice. He looked over his shoulder. Back along the road. Up. I waited, the rock balanced, ready aimed.

"You gotta help," said Krugler. "And we need a lever too."

Jimenez got down, walked backwards to the boulder, covering the two of them in the jeep, Karen and her father, swinging his gun a little as his eyes raked the empty stone slopes.

I had to wait till he got to the boulder, until he was in line with Krugler, a yard from him. Then I dug my heels, tensed, threw the rock. It went straight as a fired shell, for both of them. But some shadow, some instinct warned Jimenez. He looked up; then threw himself back and sideways. The rock hit his shoulder, crashed him backwards, and hit Krugler on the side of the head. They fell in the road as if they'd been shot.

But that split second of warning had saved Jimenez's head. I saw his hand move, scrabble in the dust, and then, before I could find another rock to throw he was dragging himself into cover, over the lip of the road.

But Krugler was still lying there. I could finish him. I twisted sideways, feeling for loose rock. And a bullet

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The beaten bronze of evening fills the air;
The trees are charred by lateness; earth is wide:
The horse-drawn plough, old fashioned, here still turns
The tilted soil upon the mountain side.

This is a rough, mean land that cannot pay
To mechanize its tillage. Year by year
Subsistence farmers and their horses toil—
A part of nature as the seasons are.

Now, as the horses rise, rock-black on bronze,
Against the sky atop their ancient hill;
They seem to pace the treadmill of the years;
The world it is that passes; they are still.

You can't play safe in soccer

England veteran Tom Finney is taken off with concussion in a match last month. He is one of the game's most injured stars

by TOM FINNEY

The thugs of football foul the stars in ways the crowd never sees—but the hardest knocks go to the timid

ONE Saturday afternoon in April, 1957, as I was running out on to the football field to play for Preston North End against Aston Villa, I saw the Preston trainer, Jimmy Milne, looking at me reproachfully from the trainer's bench.

I knew what Jimmy was thinking. I had not fully recovered from a leg injury and the following Saturday I was due to play in the England *v.* Scotland international match.

After twenty minutes of the game I jumped up to head a high ball in the Villa goalmouth and clashed heads with a defender. I saw stars, and then came oblivion. The next thing I knew I was in the dressing-room and the doctor was inserting two stitches into a nasty gash above my left eye.

By the time he had put on a plaster, it was almost half-time, but I started for the door leading to the field. Jimmy Milne watched me incredulously.

My return to the game made no difference. We still lost. But I could not stop myself going back.

I shall be thirty-eight on April 5. In thirteen seasons with Preston and England I have won seventy-six international "caps" and have scored thirty goals for England and more than one hundred and seventy for North End.

In that time, I have had two fractured jaws, innumerable black eyes and sprained ankles, and blood poisoning. I have been concussed, and suffered with varicose vein trouble and severe internal bleeding from a nearly-severed hamstring leader in my right leg. I have worn a steel-ribbed medical corset for back trouble, a girdle for a groin injury, and, last winter, I used a stick after tearing my groin muscles nearly off my pelvis.

Touch wood, I have never had a broken leg or cartilage trouble, two of a footballer's most feared injuries.

The two bogies

Desmond Coupe, our physiotherapist at Deepdale football ground, who was blinded in a naval action in the Adriatic Sea in 1943, says humorously that members of his profession could learn most things about football injuries by just walking round me a few times.

Last season, I was out of the game for four months with a torn groin sustained against Manchester United and aggravated in matches against Wolves, Russia and Blackpool. After rest and treatment, I gave the leg a trial in Preston's last game of the season against Tottenham Hotspur. If it had cracked up again, I would have given up the game for good. Fortunately, it stood up to several hard knocks.

Ironically, but typically of football, on my return to Tottenham last month, I was concussed and taken to hospital.

For all my dismal injury history, I have never played safe on a football field. The thought of personal safety never occurs to me once the game has begun.

Most of the hundreds of footballers playing in League games are the same. The player who holds back from a hard tackle is usually the one to get hurt, anyway. Desmond Coupe says that this is because the player who retreats receives a dangerous late impact.

A great deal goes on down on the field, as in in-fighting at boxing, which the crowd never sees. In 1951, at Leicester, Preston played in a rough cup-tie in which certain players were kicking everything above stocking-tops, as we say in the game.

Jimmy Gooch, our goalkeeper, took a hammering. But he stuck it out manfully and we won the game. When Jimmy stripped for examination back at Deepdale, he was black and blue with bruises from his neck to his waist. Desmond Coupe thought that he would be convalescent for a fortnight. But Gooch was back in goal the following Saturday.

Another North End player, Dick Mayers, was so keen to have a sprained ankle put right that he kept Desmond up till after 10 p.m. giving him treatment. "It's half the battle when chaps want to get well quickly," says Desmond.

Football is a rough game and clever forwards are the hardest hit of all, for they are "marked men." Stanley Matthews, of Blackpool, Johnny Haynes, of Fulham, and Bryan Douglas, of Blackburn Rovers, have all been "in the wars" in recent seasons.

At West Ham, Phil Woosnam and Vic Keeble had cartilage operations and the other inside-forward, John Dick, got a knee injury, all in the space of six months. Swansea Town sold two international players, Cliff Jones to Tottenham, and Mel Charles to Arsenal, for nearly £80,000. Soon after his transfer, Jones broke his leg, and recently Charles had to go into hospital for a cartilage operation.

George Robb, of Spurs, believes that forwards are prone to leg injury because they must twist and turn to escape from full-backs. At Leicester last November, Robb was tackled hard by a wing-half, Johnny Newman, as he pushed out a foot to flick the ball to a team-mate. "I felt a spasm of movement and my knee seemed to be turning round," was how Robb describes the collision.

He went into hospital a month later and had his cartilage out. But club trainers now get injured footballers back into action quicker than doctors once thought would be possible. George built up his wasted thigh muscles by doing lifting exercises with an iron "shoe" and by running up and down the terracing at White Hart Lane. In five weeks he was able to run; in the sixth week he had a game of football.

New methods of getting players back on to the field more quickly are constantly being tried. In the 1956 season, after playing in an international match in London, I returned to Preston with a badly swollen ankle.

Desmond Coupe had just returned from the south coast where he had been taking a course on the treatment of sprained ankles. I acted as guinea-pig for the new technique. First, Desmond gave me half an hour of electrical treatment to disperse the fluid causing puffiness. Then he applied a specially-shaped

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What a way for a toff to spend a day . . . busking for coppers in the Charing Cross Road

THE WAILING

by VAL WEEDEN

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

IN the summer of 1957, by the infinite grace of ERNIE, Sir Pelham Portman won £1,000. Set against his pension, which was all that lay between him and the charity of his daughter, it was indeed a handsome sum.

For a week Sir Pelham indulged in a private gloat. He told no one, least of all Beryl. He knew only too well what she would do with it. In imagination he could hear the strident voice: ". . .you'd better give it to Clive to invest for you; and you certainly need a couple of new suits, something good that will last. . . ." Sir Pelham flinched. It had taken him three years to wear his present suit into what he considered a state of decent shabbiness.

He sat in the garden hugging himself in blissful contemplation. It was one of those glorious summer mornings with the dew still on the grass and the scent of roses heavy on the air. Sir Pelham hated it.

He was a Londoner born and bred, and he yearned for the sight of a red bus coasting alongside the Thames, and the brave green leaves furled in dust, and the pretty girls swinging their legs along the Embankment. He liked lights and people, and the rainbow pools in Piccadilly on a wet night. It was his pleasure to walk down the Strand with a bag of chestnuts in his hand and to whistle a tune over the top of a barrel organ.

Sir Pelham had done all these things until that day when Beryl had swooped down on his bed-sitter off the Bayswater Road and carried him off to Surrey.

"But, m'dear," he had protested, "I hate the country. It gives me hay-fever. The insects have cannibal tendencies. And besides, I like it *here* in London."

"Like it or not, things have gone too far. Jane Ogilvie saw you munching a hot-dog in Piccadilly."

"I like hot-dogs," Sir Pelham said plaintively.

"Really, Father!"

Without further ado Beryl had torn up his roots and turned them in again among the roses of Surrey. That was two years ago, and still they had not taken.

SIR PELHAM gazed about him and decided that a garden in Surrey was not the place for a man with £1,000 in his pocket. *I will consult my grandson*, he said to himself.

He tiptoed across the lawn to the pram in the far corner. He liked children, but he was never allowed more than a nodding acquaintance with his grandson. Beryl had a fear of microbes. Sir Pelham always suspected that the child had arrived in a sterilized prepack.

He put out a tentative finger and stroked one small, pink hand. The baby opened its eyes and bubbled a wet kiss at him.

"Your grandaddy's won a thousand pounds, young feller. What d'you think of that, eh?"

Beryl's voice floated across the lawn. "Father, please leave Terence alone. You know the smell of tobacco upsets him."

Sir Pelham tugged at his moustache and hopped guiltily away. "I will have a day in London," he said to himself. "Damn these beautiful roses."

He fetched his cap from his room above the garage and entered the house. Beryl was still at breakfast. "Bye bye, m'dear," he said happily. "I'm off to London."

"London!" shrieked Beryl. She made it sound like Timbuctoo.

"Just for the day."

"Now we're not having all that nonsense again. You come back reeking of diesel fumes, polluting the air, upsetting Terence. . . ."

"Yes, m'dear. But all the same I'm going."

And he went. The trouble with Beryl, reflected Sir Pelham, was that she wasn't a Londoner.

Sir Pelham was. He had been born over a sweetshop behind Waterloo Station. His mother had held him in her arms and gazed down on the small, pugnacious face, and beneath her hand the lungs worked like a pair of bellows. "Look at his face, Freddie," she'd whispered. "He knows where he's going. We'll call him Albert Pelham. Bertie's all right if he don't come to nothing; and if he do, Pelham sounds real posh."

Sir Pelham had certainly amounted to something. He came into the public eye in the first World War, when he was awarded the Victoria Cross. He had a strong, impudent sort of face, an endearing face, and he combined with it a flamboyant gallantry that the people loved. He had a flair for doing the sensational in the nicest possible way. He was a name before he was twenty-five.

AFTER the war he went into politics. He married into the aristocracy, and the crowd that collected outside the church went wild at the sight of Pelham walking down the steps like a cheeky cocksparrow with his cold and serenely beautiful bride on his arm.

He became a baronet. He served on every committee and every board. He considered himself a happy man; and certainly he was a successful one. Money spilled from his hands in a golden shower.

When his wife died, Sir Pelham was saddened but not heartbroken. After all, she had lived at their country home in Hampshire and Sir Pelham stayed at his club, and they'd met perhaps once a month and had lunch together at the Savoy. After her death his days were as full as ever; his progress a darting succession from board to meeting to dinner to committee.

It was at this time that he had what Beryl forever afterwards referred to as his lapse. He was driving down Kingsway to a committee meeting one wet spring morning when a taxi shot out of a side street and mowed him down. Sir Pelham was not hurt, but he was considerably shaken. He clambered slowly out of the wreckage of his car.

He looked about him, and for the first time he really *saw*. He gazed at the raindrops bouncing off the pavement and the first green leaves that tipped the branches of the trees like minute fingernails. His eyes were dazzled by the swirling reds and blues and yellows of the girls in their bright raincoats scurrying by. He smelt the steam from his jacket, and petrol fumes, and cheap scent, and hot coffee, and a whiff of hair oil as it passed by on the head of a young man.

A beautiful smile crossed his face. "Damn the committee," he said. He walked over to the taxi driver and shook him by the hand. "Thank you very much," Sir Pelham said heartily, "you have done me a great favour. Here's five pounds."

The taxi driver didn't stop to argue. His hand trembled as he pocketed the notes. With his mouth agape he crashed his gears and away he went.

That night Sir Pelham wrote forty-two letters of resignation. His career ended as it had begun, in a blaze of publicity. Beryl cried out in horror when she read the morning papers and rushed up to London to confront him.

"What can you be thinking of," she cried, "you must be mad!"

Sir Pelham shook his head. "M'dear," he said mildly, "I am sixty-two and I have just realized that I've never done any of the things I really wanted to."

"You've done everything a man could possibly want to do," Beryl protested. "You've got money and a position and you're just throwing it all away. What more could you want?"

"I want to learn to play the clarinet."

"The clarinet!" shrieked Beryl.

"Yes," said Sir Pelham softly, "the clarinet. And after that perhaps I'll try the saxophone."

He moved out of his club and found a bed-sitter off the Bayswater Road. He made half his money over to Beryl and gave two-thirds of the rest to charity. He considered that what he had left would see him through to his pension. He also bought a clarinet.

HE spent his mornings down on the Embankment when the weather was fine. Sometimes he fed the ducks in Hyde Park. He passed the time of day with policemen and pavement artists, and once he queued for a free meal from a soup kitchen. He considered it only fair; the soup probably cost tuppence and he had contributed £2,000 to that particular charity. He enjoyed walking by the river at night and ending up at a stall for coffee and a hot-dog. When it rained he read the newspapers in the public library. He listened to the band in Green Park and thought himself a match for the clarinettist any day.

And so Sir Pelham was a very happy man until that awful morning when Beryl had pounced on him. She had got rid of the clarinet in Charing Cross Road, dropped his old suits in the dustbin and borne him off.

And now he was on his way back to London and he had £1,000 in his pocket. He felt like doing something glorious with the money, something mad, some wild, rash, reckless thing. There was nothing he wanted for himself; nothing, that is, that money could buy. But it was certainly burning a hole in his pocket.

He got off the train at Victoria and caught a bus to Piccadilly.

Sir Pelham got off at Shaftesbury Avenue, puttered through Berwick Market, worked his way through the back streets and came out beside Foyles. There he picked up a book from one of the shelves and propped himself up against the wall. Sir Pelham wasn't a reading man, but with a book in his hand he could study the passers-by without inviting suspicion.

He watched them all go by: the women with their shopping baskets, messenger boys, policemen, a model tapping by on her high heels, business girls, a shoeshine man in a red jacket. When someone caught his fancy he smiled, and they always smiled back because he looked such a jaunty, chirpy little chap with the breeze ruffling his hair. The sun was warm on his back. Sir Pelham was in his element.

Presently a man with a saxophone took up his stand on the kerb. Beside him he placed a placard. It bore the simple legend: I PLAY BECAUSE I LIKE TO. And in smaller letters beneath: *O'Hara's the name.*

Sir Pelham was intrigued. He had followed barrel organs and bands and one-legged men with flutes, and they had always been war veterans or ex-P.O.W.s or in some way victims of circumstance. Never before had he seen a man so frank.

He laid down his book and studied O'Hara. The man had black hair that looked as if it had been cut with a tin opener, and a lean face, and eyes as green as a shamrock. He wasn't smiling, but he had a puckish twist to the lips that made you think he was grinning deep down inside.

O'Hara tuned up and began to play "For Me And My Gal." From the first notes Sir Pelham knew he was listening to a man who played for his pleasure and not for his pocket. He

BAYONET

They played two numbers, and at the end of the second a parcel flew through the air into O'Hara's waiting hand

The whistling baronet

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followed with "Tiptoe Through The Tulips" and glided into "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes."

Sir Pelham went across to him. "Do you play requests?" he asked.

"I do. What will you have?"

" 'Lily Of Laguna,' please."

O'Hara struck up and Sir Pelham began to whistle. He had a clear, clean whistle that could hold a note, and after a few bars O'Hara lowered his sax.

"You have a fine whistle," he said. His eyes roved over the shabby suit. "Would you like to join me?"

"Thank you very much," said Sir Pelham.

He went and stood beside O'Hara.

"Lay down your cap on the pavement," O'Hara said. "Anything that drops in it is yours." As Sir Pelham hesitated, he said: "Go on. Fair's fair."

Sir Pelham dropped his cap at his feet. O'Hara pointed to his placard and said: "O'Hara's the name. What's yours?"

This time Sir Pelham didn't hesitate.

"Bertie Portman," he said.

"Out of work?" asked O'Hara sympathetically.

"You might put it like that. I'm an old age pensioner."

O'Hara regarded him thoughtfully. Then he bent down, picked up his hat and emptied the coins into Sir Pelham's cap. "Wait a moment . . ." Sir Pelham protested.

O'Hara grinned. "You see what it says? I play because I like to. It's a fine day and I'll play for the pleasure of it. Anything we make is yours. We'll take the 'Lily' from the start again. Right, Bertie?"

Sir Pelham looked at O'Hara with wondering eyes. Then he said, "Right." He clasped his hands behind his back and pursed his lips.

He whistled with a sort of abandoned joy, like a bird on a fine summer's morning. He was happy to be back in his city; to be standing on the kerb-side with the draught from the buses tickling his back; and to know that around him were happening a thousand small miracles.

This, he thought, was his miracle: to be standing in Charing Cross Road whistling "Lily Of Laguna." He wished Beryl could see him and, as he pictured her face, his whistle rose in a trill of jubilant defiance.

He longed for only one thing, and that was his beloved clarinet. He would have liked to have been standing alongside O'Hara, tooting his heart out. He stole a glance at O'Hara, who was playing with half-closed eyes, and his heart warmed to him.

Here indeed was a man, thought Sir Pelham.

By the time they had finished, half the bookworms outside Foyles had turned to listen. They had seen it all, and they grinned and showered coppers and silver into Sir Pelham's cap. O'Hara bent down and handed it to him.

"That's worth at least another

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tune." He turned to the crowd. "What will you have?"

A voice from the back called, "When Irish Eyes. . . ."

"Okay by you, Bertie?"

Sir Pelham nodded. "One of my favourites," he said.

But they had played only a few notes when a policeman moved them on.

"Tell you what," said O'Hara, "we'll go and get a bite to eat. It's a good time now, before the rush starts. You hungry, Bertie?"

Sir Pelham thought of the meals he had eaten in the past few days. Chicken Maryland with sweetcorn fritters and fried bananas; lobster cocktail; creamed chicken and mushrooms; *minestrone* with a veil of cheese; apricot soufflé. . . .

"I'd like a nice piece of fish and chips," he said firmly, "with steamed pudding to follow."

"I'm with you," said O'Hara. "I know just the place." He led the way through back streets to Joe's Fish & Chip Bar. "It's not the Ritz, but the rock salmon is fit for a king," he said. "Trust me."

Sir Pelham had two pieces and a double portion of chips, and then found he had no room for the steamed pudding. He got up and fetched two cups of tea from the counter. The tea was

GRATITUDE—I

Ingratitude towards their great men is the mark of strong peoples.

Plutarch

thick, dark and stewed, pure poison, flavoured by the urn, and he loved every drop of it.

A sigh escaped his lips.

"Feeling good?" smiled O'Hara.

"M'boy, I feel like a millionaire." His eyes wandered over to O'Hara's placard. The simple words fascinated him. I PLAY BECAUSE I LIKE TO. "O'Hara," he said, "there are two things I love. One's a song and the other's a story. Tell me what that placard means."

O'HARA said: "What it says. But I'll tell you what's behind it. Once upon a time—that's the right way to start, isn't it?"—O'Hara grinned at Sir Pelham—"once upon a time I played in a dance band. I played sambas and rumbas and rock and foxtrots, and sometimes it seemed I never played a single number with a tune. You know what a tune is? A tune is a whole lot of notes that don't need words to hold them together. A tune is something you can listen to and walk humming. So one day I said to myself, 'O'Hara, take your tunes out on the street and see if there's anyone else feels the way you do.'

"So I did just that. I went down Shaftesbury Avenue with my sax and gave them all the old songs. The ones the kids knew, and their mothers, and even their mothers before them. The 'Isle Of Capri' and 'Moonlight And Roses,' and the 'Merry Widow' waltz. . . . I watched the people's faces, and even when it looked as if they weren't listening I knew they heard, because sometimes their lips moved and I knew that deep down inside they were singing *she is my lily of Laguna, she is my. . . .*" O'Hara broke off and hummed the tune to its end. "You see? With a song like that you just can't keep quiet."

Sir Pelham was silent for a long moment. He had known a lot of people in his time, famous people and important people, but never before had he met a man like O'Hara; a man who liked a tune enough to go out and share it with anyone who wanted to listen.

He felt a stab of envy. He wished that it had been his idea; that, before Beryl had transplanted him, he had thought to pick up his clarinet and tootle his way round town; not for the money, which he didn't suppose was very much anyway, but for the glow, and the warmth, and the feeling of belonging.

"O'Hara," he said at last, "I envy you."

"There's plenty don't. But I'm happy. When the rain is running down my collar and folk are scurrying by, I've thought to myself, *O'Hara, you're the biggest fool ever.* But when the sun comes out and folk have a smile for you, then I've said to myself, *O'Hara, my boy, you're the cleverest thing on two legs.*" O'Hara grinned. "Now you'll be thinking I'm an Irish fool with cobwebs for a brain. But I'm not. My father was Irish, but I was born right here, not more than a mile from where we're sitting."

SIR PELHAM asked, "Do you make enough to live on?" His voice held interest, not curiosity. He was leaning across the table, chin on one hand, with his moustache snuggling his knuckles.

O'Hara shook his head. "This is only a part-time job. My sister and I, we have a small shop in the Caledonian Road. Sweets and cigarettes, that sort of thing. The money that I make by the sax goes into a special fund. When we have enough put by we're going to open a tea bar. Not a coffee bar, mark you. And then, instead of coming out on the streets, I'll play there every day."

"Just you alone?" asked Sir Pelham wistfully. He had a fleeting vision of himself raising his clarinet to the ceiling and piping the sweetest notes since Pan. "Me and a few of my pals," said O'Hara. He glanced at his watch. They had spent several hours over lunch and he said that it would soon be time for him to relieve Kate in the shop. He had one more call to make before he went home. He added, "Got anything to do this afternoon? Like to come along, Bertie?"

Sir Pelham hopped to his feet. "Yes, please."

They worked their way slowly up Tottenham Court Road until O'Hara stopped outside the Medworth Nickel Company in Goodge Place. "I have a date here every afternoon," he said, and his eyes were twinkling.

They played two numbers, and at the end of the second a window on the top floor flew open. A head appeared. A brown paper parcel sailed through the air and landed in O'Hara's outstretched hand.

He turned to Sir Pelham. "Know what this is? Sandwiches. For my tea. The girls on the top floor like a bit of music, so I come up here and give them a few tunes every day. Those should be egg. Help yourself."

Sir Pelham undid the parcel. In a bed of lettuce leaves were four egg sandwiches. He began to chuckle. "You're a miracle, O'Hara." Through

"Are we in the uppermost upper part of the lower middle class, or the mid-lower part of the upper?"

a mouthful of sandwich, he said: "They're jolly good. Aren't you having one?"

"I've got to put through my order for tomorrow first. Any suggestions?"

Tomato? Cheese? Sardine? "How about ham?" he said at last.

"Ham it is. That's 'Oh What A Beautiful Morning.' Tomato is 'Red Sails In The Sunset.'"

They ate the sandwiches in the park nearby. Sir Pelham had a fit of laughter and choked on a crust. O'Hara thumped him on the back.

"I haven't enjoyed myself so much in years," he spluttered. "I wish the day would never end."

"No need for it to end just yet. My sister Kate can give you a bed for the night."

So Sir Pelham found himself behind the counter of the Caledonian Road shop, sucking a humbug and nimbly weighing out toffees.

"Will you just look at him," Kate said, "picking up the trade quick as you like. He'll be asking for a job at Fortnums next."

KATE was like her brother, dark with the same green eyes; but, where he was lean, she was as plump as a dumpling. Sir Pelham judged her to have boundless good temper. Certainly she had smiled a welcome when O'Hara, by way of introduction, had said, "This is Bertie Portman. He's stopping the night." She had turned her gentle eyes on him and the first thing she said was, "You'll drown in Michael's pyjamas."

Shortly before they shut up shop, Sir Pelham popped out to a post office. He wanted to send Beryl a telegram. After much tugging at his moustache, which provided no inspiration at all, he wrote: DETAINED URGENT BUSINESS RETURNING TOMORROW DO NOT WORRY LOVE FATHER. *And,* he added to himself, *she can make what she pleases of that.*

They spent the evening with Kate at the piano, O'Hara on the sax, Marty Malone on the drums and Sir Pelham on a borrowed clarinet. When Sir Pelham gave them his version of "Galway Bay," Marty Malone flung his arms round his neck.

"Isn't he the darlint," he cried, "with music fit for the angels?"

Sir Pelham modestly lowered his eyes. O'Hara clapped him on the back.

"Ah, he's loving it," Marty said. "Sitting there like Little Miss Muffet."

AND certainly Sir Pelham was loving it. He hadn't been so happy since—why, he thought, not since Beryl had dragged him away from all this.

That night he leaned out of his bedroom window, a funny figure in O'Hara's pyjamas, rolled up at the sleeves and the legs. The streets were quiet but not yet empty. The air was cool on his face. He looked out at the red haze in the sky, the glow that told him that thousands of comforting lights were still burning somewhere. A boy and girl, heads touching, idled homewards.

This was what Sir Pelham had been yearning for. Life. Movement. People. When he finally went to bed he slept with a smile of bliss upon his face.

Next morning Sir Pelham made over Ernie's cheque to O'Hara and left it behind in an old envelope on the dressing-table with a pencilled note.

Dear friends,

You have given an old man a day to treasure for the rest of his life. Please do not try to return the enclosed. It is for the tea bar fund. I hope one day we may play again together.

Bertie Portman.

And that is how the blessing of Ernie fell upon three people, and ultimately on hundreds. They are the customers who never let a week pass without listening to the old songs at O'Hara's.

And if you choose the right night, you'll see a little cocksparrow lifting his clarinet to the ceiling. And if the notes are the sweetest since Pan, then you'll know that you are listening to Sir Pelham Portman.

Or, as he is also known, Bertie Portman, clarinettist. THE END

© *Val Weeden, 1959*

Poet in the Garden

This is the time to propagate and make
One plant swell into four or five with ease.
Divide herbaceous plants, part, pull, or break,
But see each section's sound, free from disease,
With good, unbroken roots ready to grow.
Take cuttings from your shrubs, forsythia, all
Leaf-shedding shrubs and roses, they will show
Fresh buds in spring if set in sand, and well
Watered and sheltered from the bitterest frost.
Remake the beds where lily of the valley
Scatters its pearls. Root-pruning is a must
If fruit trees grow too strongly. Plums will rally
And set their fruit if they are curbed this way.
If mildew spreads, sour, prematurely grey
Over a leaf or stem, spray sulphur flowers,
But do it after, never during showers.

MARGARET STANLEY-WRENCH

Eh, Pasqualino!

continued from page 14

worth a lot of money." He turned to Pappa. "Have you ever tried to sell it?"

Pappa didn't seem to understand. "Sell? What do you mean, sell?"

"Why, there are people who would pay you a lot of money for that record, Mr. Esposito. I could not say how much, but it would be plenty of money. The singing alone, this being the only copy, would be worth a small fortune." He shook his head in amazement. "And with that business at the end, you could make a handsome profit on it."

The room became awfully quiet, a different quiet from when we were listening to the music.

"Well," Pappa sighed, "it's not for sale. It is mine, given to me by my great friend Enrico Caruso. I will sell first my right arm."

Beppe, who was on the sofa with Rosa and Peppino, started to speak. "But, Pappa," he began. Only, when Pappa looked in his direction, he didn't finish what he had started to say.

The following Sunday, Beppe got up after we had heard the record and made a little speech. "Pappa," he said, and everyone in the parlour knew what he was going to say. "this week I have been thinking. And I have talked with Dick and with Giovanni and Enrico."

Pappa sat up stiff but didn't say anything. Mamma looked as though she'd rather be out in the kitchen making *lasagne*.

"Pappa," Beppe went on, "for a long time now you've dreamed of owning a little business where you could listen to your music all day and let someone else work for you. You and Mamma have worked hard and now it is time that you started to take things easy. You owe it to yourselves."

Pappa still didn't speak. Beppe looked around him like he wished that Enrico or Giovanni had done the talking.

"Well, Pappa," he continued, after a pause that was nearly a sigh, "we think that you ought to sell the record. Dick says he knows a man who is interested in such things and probably would give you plenty of money for it. Perhaps around two thousand pounds."

We all blinked our eyes at Beppe's words. Two thousand pounds! For a record? Even if it was by Caruso? Not possible! Yet I've never seen Beppe with a more serious expression on his face. Believe me, he wasn't joking.

Pappa spoke at last: "My record is not for sale," he said quietly, but firmly. "I said before, I say again, not for two thousand or three thousand, or"—his dark eyes flashed angrily—"for five thousand!" He looked right round the room. "We talk about it no more." He got up and left the parlour.

BEPPE and Rosa and the baby went home, and the rest of us went to bed. I thought the talk of the record was finished and, without knowing why, I was very relieved. Still, letting myself dream for a minute, I thought it would be nice to have a little business, and I dreamed of our own newly decorated shop with music, music, everywhere.

But to sell the record? Somehow even the business we wanted so much didn't seem worth that sacrifice.

It was the next day, just as I was sure the matter was closed, that Beppe came to the house, all excited. While we were eating supper, it was.

Beppe's eyes were bright, as he told Pappa about the new idea. "You wouldn't have to sell the record, Pappa!" he said breathlessly. "I talked to Dick about it again today. He says he thinks you could just sell the rights to it—you'd only have to let one of the big recording companies borrow the record and make a copy of it. Think of it, Pappa!"

Pappa kept right on eating his supper. Then he took a sip of the Chianti from the glass beside his plate. After what seemed a long, long time he said: "I will think." But there was not even a trace of a smile on his face.

"Can I find out how to get in touch with the right party at the recording company, just in case?" Beppe asked, still leaning across the table.

Pappa took another sip of the wine, then nodded slowly. I could tell he wanted to forget the whole business.

Speaking of forgetting, I'd be just as glad to forget that next couple of weeks after Pappa said all right to Beppe. For the first time in my memory we didn't even have the music in the parlour. You see, except for Mamma and Pappa, nobody was speaking to anybody.

After Pappa had agreed to Beppe's suggestion, my eldest brother contacted someone who was interested in the record and wanted to hear it. "The way they talk," Beppe explained, "I think they may give you more than two thousand pounds."

Pappa finally agreed that the people from the recording company could hear the Caruso record, but they'd have to come to our house to do so; he wouldn't let the record out of the house.

IT was then the unhappiness began. All my brothers and sisters and, with shame, I must include myself, began thinking of the different ways we could spend the money. Only Pappa and Mamma said nothing. They were like two lost children who didn't know which way to turn.

The man from the recording company was coming on Sunday evening, and by that Sunday our house was not a place to be in if you were in a good mood and wanted to stay like that.

Mamma had insisted that everyone come to dinner that Sunday, just like always, even if we were all at each other's throats.

"Such faces," Pappa said with a sigh as we all sat down at table. "Only Peppino looks happy."

The little boy looked happy and laughed when he heard his name.

"It is over two weeks now," Pappa said, "that this young man of Angelina's tells us maybe we can get much money for this record. I feel this is not good. But since to give only the use of the record does not really seem so bad, I say nothing." He sighed and shook his head. He was sad. "But, *si*, it is bad, very bad. I know this now. Ever since we think to sell, I watch this family, and I see it is no more a family. Before, it is happy, and this house is filled with laughing, much laughing. Now there is only angry faces and fighting. Always before this time I hurry from my work home at night. Now I stay away."

I could hear Mamma beginning to sniffle at the end of the table.

"Why is this?" Pappa continued. "It is because of a record, a record by my dear and respected friend Enrico Caruso, which for many years brings such joy to the Espositos." His voice sounded strange, not like Pappa's at all. "Now the thing that for many years is happiness for Pasqualino Esposito is happiness no more. I ask myself, can I buy with money this happiness once again? And the answer is no."

You could almost hear the silence in the room. Finally Giovanni spoke.

"But Pappa," he said, "you'd still have your record, and the little business with the music all day and little work for Mamma to do."

"I still hear my music all day," Pappa retorted. "And I can buy music if I want. A family I cannot buy anywhere if I want."

He left the room. Mamma got up, too, and looked at us as though to say something, but then she followed Pappa into the parlour and closed the door.

Beppe was the first to speak after they left the room. "Pappa's right," he said, "it's all my fault."

"Your fault?" Giovanni asked.

Beppe nodded. "I insisted that Pappa consider selling after he said he didn't want to. If only I'd. . . ."

"Don't be stupid, Beppe!" Giovanni interrupted. "Once this is all over and the record is sold, Pappa will see it is right. Like you said just now, he'll have his record and the family, too."

"But the family?" Beppe asked. "Didn't you hear Pappa and see his face just now? And Mamma, too? That's what has made me realize it. We stand a chance of losing more than we could ever gain in money."

They argued on, everybody pitching in, until finally Beppe banged his fist on the table and said: "We're not going to sell the record, so what's the use of arguing?"

I found myself awfully glad about what Beppe had said. I knew now that the last thing I wanted was for us to sell the Caruso record. If it went out of our house, then something awfully important would be gone out of our family, perhaps for ever. . . .

Mr. Kamp, a bald-headed little man, came on the dot of seven thirty, just as he was supposed to do. He sat alone on the horsehair sofa. The room was deadly quiet, just like before a thunderstorm.

Pappa picked up the record and put it on the turntable. His hand was shaking noticeably. He stood by the old gramophone looking intently at each of us as Caruso sang of his love for Aida. And, following his gaze, I saw Angelina and Beppe and Enrico and Giovanni and Mary all with the same worried expression, one just like the next. They were not like my brothers and sisters at all, nor was this the happy time of those other Sundays.

"Best 'Celeste Aida' I've ever heard recorded by Caruso," Mr. Kamp said in a businesslike voice. "That little personal touch at the end would make it a record seller, too," he told us, and laughed as though he'd been funny.

He got up off the sofa. He seemed very excited. "Mr. Esposito," he said. "My company will pay you four thousand pounds for all rights to use this recording." He sat down.

There were little gasps all over the room. Four thousand pounds!

Pappa nodded, but looked as though he wasn't even listening to Mr. Kamp.

It was then that Beppe stood up and told Mr. Kamp the record was not for sale. "We are sorry you had to come here for nothing," Beppe said. "We just this afternoon decided we did not want to sell the record."

Both Pappa and Mamma just sat looking at Beppe as though they couldn't believe what they were hearing.

Enrico and Giovanni didn't just sit there though. They both began talking at once, each having forgotten that it would be better for the whole family, as they'd agreed, if we didn't sell our record. The offer of four thousand pounds had been too much for them. I began to tremble myself and wanted to speak, but couldn't.

MR. KAMP stood up, too, as Beppe, his arms folded across his chest, defiantly faced Enrico and Giovanni.

"If I might get a word in here," the little bald representative said, "I would like to tell you I have been authorized to go as high as five thousand five hundred pounds if necessary."

"Five thousand five hundred!" Enrico and Giovanni shouted together.

Angelina and Mary looked as though they might weaken, but Beppe stood his ground. I still could not speak, and there were tears in my eyes which almost blinded me. I turned my head away so that no one could see that I was crying. Through a blur I could see the record on the table.

I'll never be able to explain, not even to myself, just how it happened, but with a sob of, "No! No!" I grabbed the record and slammed it on to the floor, breaking it into pieces.

Everything in the room stopped dead still where it was. Giovanni's hands hovered above Beppe's shoulders, where they were about to grab and shake him to his senses. Pappa's face had an expression of sorrow and joy and relief all at once as he took my hand. Mamma broke the silence, sobbing and saying over and over again in Italian, "Good son!" The others just stood staring at me in disbelief.

Mr. Kamp finally picked up his hat and straightened his tie, flicking an imaginary piece of dust off his well-cut lapel and muttering, "Foolish. Lunatics all of them!" No one heard him leave.

I ran into the kitchen, no longer able to control my sobs. The others followed, all except Beppe. They were crying, and hugging me and saying I had done the right thing, that it was the only way to bring them to their senses. Pappa, his arm around my shoulder, assured me, "This is a family again, and nothing else matters."

Mamma began pouring wine, and passing it round, stopping only to brush away a tear from time to time. She was smiling for the first time in two weeks.

WELL, that's all there is. That is how we became a family again. Perhaps some day we'll save enough money to have that little business. At the moment, it's just a nice dream.

The evenings of music are once again as before, except that now Angelina has married Dick, and he also is with us every Sunday. We have very happy times together, and in our memories—dearer ones than when we heard it on the record—sounds the friendly voice of Enrico Caruso, saying: *"Eh, Pasqualino, cumme stai?"*

THE END

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Starke's guide to correct wear

In a pleasant and harmless way, clothes are a means of expressing one's individuality

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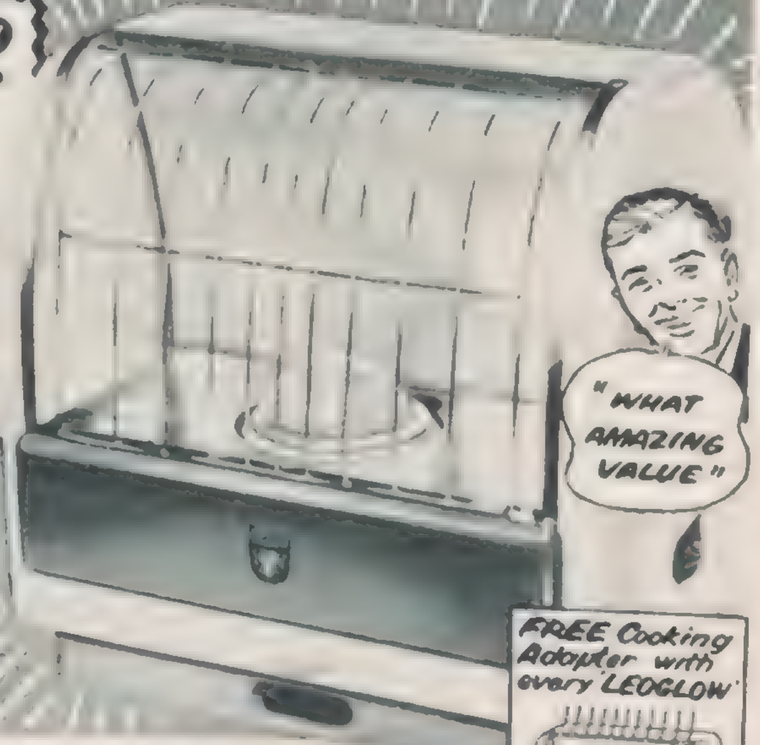

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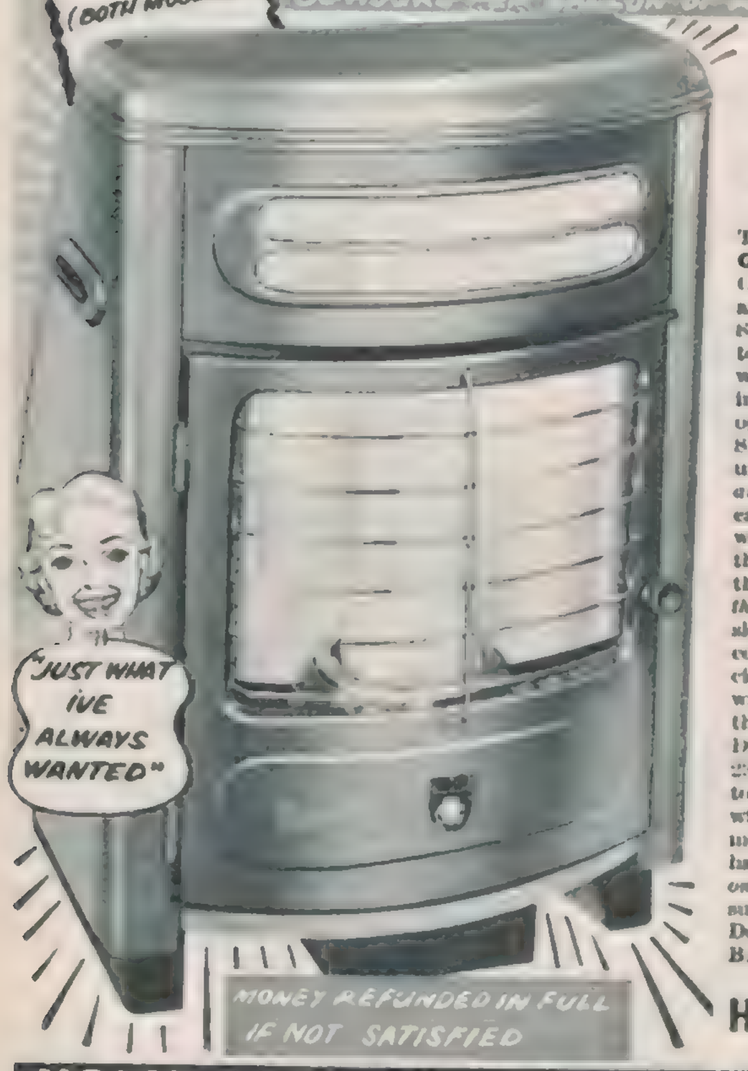

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The road to exile

continued from page 20

spread its silver on a flat stone six inches from my face. I shrank down into my own cover, saw Jimenez drag Krugler's body over, out of sight.

"Karen," I yelled. "Let off the hand brake. Steer back down the road." She slid across the driving seat, staring round. "Quick!" I screamed.

Her hand moved. The jeep began to roll, to gather speed. It ran down until at last Karen brought it to a halt, maybe half a mile off.

JIMENEZ and I were left. And Krugler? Could I count him out of it? They had the guns. I had the upper ground. It wasn't much to have. If Krugler had recovered, they could separate. One of them could come up on the road to draw me into view, while the other waited to fire. Or one could go down to the jeep and take Karen by surprise. Because she couldn't go back with her father along the road we'd come, even if she was willing to leave me. The search for us all would have started already.

I looked at my watch. Eight o'clock. Maybe we had another hour. And the one escape route for all of us was along this road. Past the block I'd made.

The sun beat off the rocks into my eyes, and the heat of the stones burned my hands as I felt for one to throw again. The dark edge of something showed above the rim of the road below. Was it the top of a head, or a decoy to draw me? I poised the stone.

The dark edge moved, lifted, became a head. Krugler's head. No decoy would move like that.

Now. I swung my hand up and the pain came in the same instant as the shot, a line of fire drawn like a white hot streak across my ribs. The stone fell out of my hand, and I threw myself sideways, crashing ten feet down the mountain, clawing myself into cover.

Where was Jimenez? Where was he hidden? I saw Krugler's head still lifted, his eyes staring vacantly. And I realized what had happened. Jimenez had left Krugler as a living, unconscious decoy, knowing that when he came to he'd show himself.

I felt the skin of my body crawl. I cringed away between sharp, sun-scalded rocks. Suppose he shot me in the stomach and left me in the sun?

At last the fear quieted, like a wild horse still vicious but exhausted. I could begin to think again. There was no feel of blood soaking me—only the long, red-hot score across my ribs. I flexed a little. There was pain, but I could still move fast if I needed to.

Then came a fraction of sound above me. I slid my hand to my ribs and held them. Now for it. I twisted my body, slid and threw myself down, every rib on my left side screaming with agony, boots sliding, clattering, stones falling. A bullet sang and whined past my dodging head. Then the road hit me and I fell and sprawled and rolled and threw myself over the far edge, below the rim.

I knew now what I had to do.

Krugler lay where Jimenez had dragged him, propping him up so that he couldn't move without exposing his head. He'd come to and lost consciousness again, his head lolling low, blood still running slowly and blackeningly down the side of his face and neck. I scrambled sideways on all fours, like a spider, listening to the fall of stones above my head, out of sight, where Jimenez was coming after me.

I heard him leap to the road as my hands touched Krugler's body. I wrenched at the sweat-soaked denims. Which pocket? Left or right? I felt the hard awkwardness of my gun that he'd stuffed there a thousand years ago, dragged at it—the butt, the muzzle, the trigger guard tangled in wet cloth.

"This is yours, you swine," Jimenez said, coming over the edge of the road, outlined against the sun and mountainside like a wooden target, his gun coming down to fire. And I shot him twice. He twisted round like a top, kept going by the speed of his run, his arms flinging out and the pistol going away from him in a black curve against the sky. His face opened in a shout of astonishment and pain, his legs crossed, tripped him, and he fell with a crash three yards from where I was lying. . . .

It seemed a long time before I was able to move to go and look at him. The first shot had hit him in the right arm, breaking it above the elbow, and the second in the flesh of the shoulder. It was the fall that had knocked him out. He wouldn't die of it, but he wouldn't like it when he came to. We'd send people back to the two of them, him and Krugler, from the next village, and after that, let them sink or swim.

Very tired, I clambered on to my feet, climbed to the road and began walking slowly, swayingly, back to the jeep. Karen recognized me from a quarter of a mile away, and began to drive towards me.

If we used the jeep very slowly and carefully, we could nudge the boulder out of the road again. Then another eight, ten miles to the cove, and the boat. We'd have to abandon the jeep. But we'd have the sovereigns. It would be the beginnings of a new start.

Karen stopped beside me, her father half-sitting, half-lying in the back, not really conscious.

"Karen," I said. And it was like a new name to say. A name that I'd never said before, it sounded so strange, so wonderful. A name that belonged to me. That mattered. That depended on me.

I WAS not alone any more. I had no club, no servants, no one to call me señor. But I was not alone.

"Paul," she said, and she was crying, her long hands shaking as they touched my wrist, held it, lifted my hand against her cheek. "I was . . . I thought. . . ." She closed her eyes. "It'll be hard to say 'thank you' when we say goodbye."

"We won't say it, then," I breathed. "We'll be in Port Samba before dark. If you'll let me come?"

"Let you? Let you? Oh Paul. . . ." She bent forward from the jeep, kissed my mouth.

"I've nothing," I said. "I am nothing. I have no family. No name."

"That's not true any more," she whispered.

For a long time then she held my hands. Then we got into the jeep and drove on.

THE END

© *Brian Cleeve, 1959*

GRATITUDE—2

He who receives a benefit with gratitude repays the first instalment of his debt.

Seneca

NEXT WEEK'S STORIES

THE BIG NEVADA GAMBLE

gripping new Western by WILLIAMS FORREST

LEAPING PIPER by DAVID WALKER

Every Canadian is a handyman. With Barbara's help David has made most of the fitments in the flat, and built in lighting

With a little money and a lot of courage one young couple discovered a way to become home-owners in the heart of London

by ROGER SMITHELLS

To make their basement home they had to buy a whole four-storey Victorian house

A home of their own

DAVID BATE comes of a pioneering Canadian family which included some of that country's earliest settlers. These were resourceful men and women who made themselves at home the hard way. David, returning to the old country, marrying an English girl, launching himself in a new career, has done the same.

When they married four years ago, David and Barbara had jobs, modest savings, no home. A friend lent them a houseboat for their honeymoon. It was November and not houseboat weather but they managed, living in thick overcoats and keeping the oil heaters working overtime. Back in London began a life of bed-sitters, rented rooms, furnished flats. Later, with a family on the way, the need grew to settle down in a home of their own. But, like many young couples with small means and large ambitions, they wondered how they were going to do it.

David, impatient of time wasted in daily travel, was determined to live within easy reach of his West End office. The habit of nipping home at lunch-time to Barbara's cooking strengthened his determination, for Barbara is a cook of more than ordinary talent. But the purchase of a house in central London seemed out of the question.

Then the miracle happened, as it often does to home seekers gifted with an extra flip of imagination. Through a friend-of-a-friend the Bates heard rumours of a house for sale in the Victoria Station area for £600. They pursued the rumour to its source and found it true—but, not surprisingly, there were snags.

The house was a four-storey Victorian terrace dwelling which had seen better days. It was a leasehold property with forty-four years to run. The building had been requisitioned and the three upper storeys were occupied by council tenants paying low rents. These tenants had to be taken on with the house. Only the basement was available for occupation by the prospective purchaser. And the basement was derelict.

Most young couples faced with this top-heavy proposition would have turned it down. The idea of buying the leasehold of a large house and taking on sitting tenants in order to live in a

Out of a derelict washroom David and Barbara Bate have made this spacious and dignified living-room. An important improvement is the big french window which catches the midday sun and opens on to a paved courtyard where young Simon can play in safety. The solid concrete floor is made warm and resilient with a flush covering of royal blue Plushionpile, a hard-wearing all-wool carpet with a short, close velvet pile on a thick rubber base. This carpet needs no underlay and costs 72s. 6d. per yard 52 in. wide, plain or patterned

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*ASK FOR IT BY NAME

Gordon's
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MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME

dingy basement would strike prudent souls as plumb crazy. But the pioneering blood of the Bates was up.

The basement might not be much to look at, but it had a front door of its own and a large yard at the back which caught the morning sun. Knock down a wall here, put in a new window there, give the whole thing a coat of paint and you might turn the place into a very passable home, and £600 was not much to pay for a place of your own in the heart of London. If a building society could be persuaded to finance the purchase of the lease and conversion of the basement, the capital required to be put down by the purchaser might be remarkably small. And so it turned out.

The Bates have now been in their basement home for just over a year. From the pictures on these pages you see what a charming place they have already made of it. A staircase was removed and two walls knocked down to make the big open-plan living-room. A new french window has been fixed to open on to the sunny courtyard at the back and a new metal window fitted to the kitchen in the front. These structural jobs and the new plumbing were the work of a small Polish builder whose charges were less and energy greater than is common with builders these days. The rest of the work has been carried out by the Bates themselves and they are still at it.

Every Canadian is a handyman. Building in the kitchen fitments, fitting up bookshelves, inventing his own wiring and lighting systems, painting, wallpapering and fixing pelmets are jobs for which David has a natural and ingenious talent. It is just as well, for there is still a lot to be done before the flat and its courtyard garden are finished to the exacting Bate standard. But already the enterprise has paid. David and Barbara are the happy owners of a charming home. By working as a team they have kept the cost of the whole job to an absolute minimum. And David can get back to that delectable home-cooked lunch in under ten minutes if he's lucky with traffic lights.

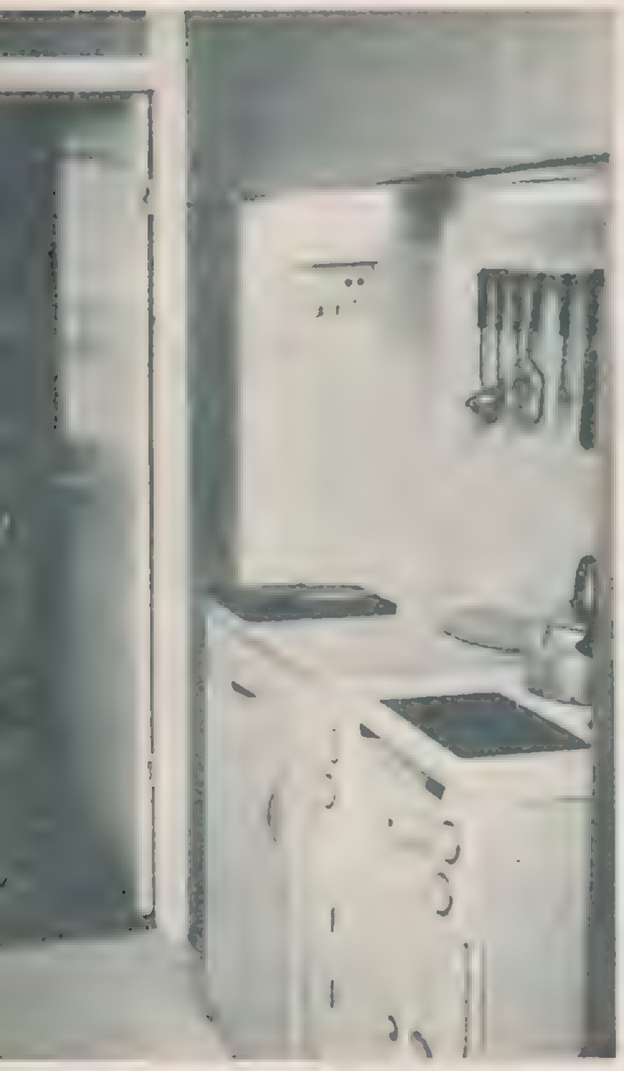
All eyes on Simon. At the dining end of the living-room he has his own miniature chair and table. All the grown-up furniture in the flat was bought second hand at bargain prices. Barbara covered the solid Victorian chairs in a greeny-yellow tapestry with a floral stripe. The large wall mirror bought for 25s. at a junk shop was recognized by the local glass merchant who cut and framed it as fine quality glass, manufactured in 1860

One kitchen wall is lined with storage units made from self-assembly Ingle kits which David adapted to fit into the available space and finished in Harland's white and wood-pigeon grey paint. The wall between the fitments is of blue Formica, the working tops and splashback of "Bow Square" Formica, the window wall painted in Harland's flat autumn brown. A removable box fitment masks the piping and taps below the Ascot water heater

This alcove space was added to the open-plan living-room by removing a staircase and knocking down the wall which separated the old hall and passage from the living area

ROGER SMITHELLS WILL HELP YOU

with your home-making problems. Write to him at "John Bull: Everybody's Weekly," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for a reply. Send a rough drawing where this will make your problem clearer



To accommodate cooker and a future refrigerator David made a recess from the old fireplace opening, lined it with "Bow Square" Formica and fitted strip lighting inside. Cooking fumes escape up the original flue

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(BLOCK LETTERS, PLEASE. Post in unsealed envelope, 2d. stamp)

CAT AMONG THE PIGEONS

by

AGATHA CHRISTIE

The woman named a sum of money. "If it is not paid, I will have to report what I saw. You have twenty-four hours"

Death prowled at Meadowbank, searching for the jewels that Julia had found. Clearly it was time to . . .

CALL IN

In the privacy of her room, schoolgirl Julia Upjohn attacked the handle of the tennis racket with a pair of nail scissors. It was hollow and filled with Plasticine. Her excitement mounted. Inside the Plasticine something sparkled. Liquid fire spilled out on to the table. With a gasp, Julia ran her fingers through a heap of fabulous jewels. . . .

Ever since her friend, Jennifer Sutcliffe, had complained about the racket being unwieldy and swapped it for Julia's, strange things had been happening at Meadowbank, the exclusive school, where the two girls were starting their first term. Two mistresses had been murdered in the sports pavilion. A fellow pupil, Princess Shaista, had been kidnapped. And a mysterious woman with an American accent had tried to steal the racket.

Jennifer, wholly taken up with improving her tennis, was not the girl to see any connection between these events. After the second murder, her parents had indignantly removed her from Meadowbank. Leaving Julia alone with her suspicions. . .

That afternoon, Julia did not return the racket to her locker in the sports pavilion. Instead, she hid it in her room. Now, while the school slept, she had solved the mystery of the tennis racket—and fear gripped her. She was sure that the two murdered mistresses had died because of these jewels. And if anyone knew she had found them, she would die, too. . . .

She dragged a chest of drawers across the door of the room, turned out the light and sat in the darkness, her heart thudding.

Then she heard it—a furtive step outside. Slowly the handle of her door began to turn. . . .

PART FIVE

The door was pushed open—just a crack, but the chest of drawers held it. That must have puzzled the person outside. There was another pause, and then a knock, a very gentle little knock. Julia held her breath.

A pause, and then the knock came again—but still soft and muted.

"I'm asleep," said Julia to herself. "I don't hear *anything*."

Who would come and knock on her door in the middle of the night? If it was someone who had a right to knock, they'd call out. But this person couldn't afford to make a noise. . . .

The knock was not repeated. For a long time Julia sat there. She never knew herself how long it was before sleep overcame her. The school bell finally awoke her, lying in a cramped heap on the edge of her bed. . . .

After breakfast, the girls went upstairs and made their beds, then went down to prayers in the big hall and finally dispersed to various classrooms. It was during that last exercise, when girls were hurrying in different directions, that Julia went into one classroom, out by a further door, dived behind a rhododendron, made a series of further strategic dives and arrived finally near the wall of the grounds where a lime tree had thick growth almost down to the ground.

Julia climbed the tree. Completely hidden in the leafy branches, she sat, glancing from time to time at the clock. She was fairly sure she would not be missed for some while.

Finally she scrambled down the tree to the level of the wall, straddled it and dropped neatly on the other side. A hundred yards away was a bus stop where a bus ought to arrive in a few minutes. It duly did so, and Julia hailed and boarded it. She got out at the station and took a train to London.

In her room, propped up on the washstand, she had left a note addressed to the headmistress.

Dear Miss Bulstrode,

I have not been kidnapped or run away, so don't worry. I will come back as soon as I can.

Yours very sincerely, Julia Upjohn.

It was some time later that day that George, Hercule Poirot's immaculate valet and manservant, opened the door of 228 Whitehouse Mansions and contemplated her with some surprise.

"Can I see Monsieur Poirot, please? It is very urgent. It's about some murders and a robbery."

"I will ascertain," said George, "if Monsieur Poirot will see you."

He left her in the hall, withdrew to consult his master. He returned a few minutes later to take her to Poirot.

She spoke politely and quite naturally. "How do you do, Monsieur. I am Julia Upjohn. I think you know a great friend of Mummy's. Mrs. Summerhayes. So when I couldn't think of what to do and who to go to, I thought of you."

"I am honoured," said Poirot gravely. He brought forward a chair for her. "Now tell me," he said. "George, my servant, told me you wanted to consult me about a robbery and some murders—more than one murder, then?"

"Yes," said Julia. "Miss Springer and Miss Vansittart. And of course there's the kidnapping, too—but I don't think that's really my business."

"You bewilder me," said Poirot. "Where have all these exciting happenings taken place?"

"At my school—Meadowbank."

"Meadowbank," exclaimed Poirot. "Ah." He stretched out his hand to where the newspapers lay neatly folded beside him. He unfolded one and glanced over the front page, nodding. "I begin to comprehend," he said. "Now tell me, Julia. Tell me everything from the beginning."

Julia told him. It was quite a long story but she told it clearly. She reached the point when she had examined the tennis racket.

"You see, I thought there must be something about that tennis racket."

"And there was?"

"Yes."

Without any false modesty, Julia pulled up her skirt and exposed what looked like a grey poultice attached by adhesive plaster to the upper part of her leg. She tore off the strips of plaster, uttering an anguished "Ouch" as she did so, and freed the poultice, which Poirot now perceived to be a

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

Julia poured the glittering stones on the table. "*Nom d'un nom!*" said Poirot in an awed whisper, "but they are real!"

POIROT!

packet enclosed in a portion of grey plastic spongebag. Julia unwrapped it and without warning poured a heap of glittering stones on the table.

"*Nom d'un nom, d'un nom!*" ejaculated Poirot in an awe-inspired whisper. He picked them up, letting them run through his fingers. "*Nom d'un nom, d'un nom!* But they are *real*."

JULIA nodded. "I think they must be. People wouldn't kill other people for them otherwise, would they?"

Poirot nodded.

"And you found them, you say, in this tennis racket?"

Julia finished her recital. Poirot listened intently.

"And you have now told me everything?"

"I think so." Julia looked again at the shining heap. "Monsieur Poirot, who do they really belong to?"

Poirot shrugged. "It is probably very difficult to say. But they do not belong to either you or to me. We have to decide now what to do next." And, when Julia looked at him in an expectant fashion, he asked: "You leave yourself in my hands? Good." He picked up the telephone receiver. "We will now reassure your good school mistress as to your safety and announce my arrival with you at Meadowbank."

In due course he was connected, and was informed that Miss Bulstrode was on the line.

"Ah, Miss Bulstrode? My name is

Advertisement

THE AMAZING POTENTIALITIES OF MEMORY

I LITTLE thought when I arrived at my friend Borg's house that I was about to see something truly extraordinary, and to increase my mental powers tenfold.

He had asked me to come to Stockholm to lecture to the Swedes about Lister and other British scientists. On the evening of my arrival, after the champagne, our conversation turned naturally to the problems of public speaking and to the great labour imposed on us lecturers by the need to be word perfect in our lectures.

Borg then told me that his power of memory would probably amaze me—and I had known him, while we were studying law together in Paris, to have the most deplorable memory !

So he went to the end of the dining room and asked me to write down a hundred three figure numbers, calling each one out in a clear voice. When I had filled the edge of an old newspaper with figures, *Borg repeated them to me in the order in which I had written them down, and then in reverse order, that is beginning with the last number. He also allowed me to ask him the relative position of different numbers: for example, which was the 24th, the 72nd, and the 38th, and I noticed that he replied to all my questions at once and without effort, as if the figures I had written on the paper had been also written in his brain.*

I was dumbfounded by such a feat and sought in vain for the trick which enabled him to achieve it. My friend then said : "The thing you have just seen and which seems so remarkable is, in fact, quite simple; everybody has a memory good enough to do the same, but few indeed can use this wonderful faculty."

He then revealed to me how I could achieve a similar feat of memory, and I at once mastered the secret—without mistakes and without effort—as you too will master it tomorrow.

But I did not stop at these amusing experiments. I applied the principles I had learned in my daily work. I could now remember, with unbelievable facility, the lectures I heard and those which I gave myself, the names of people I met—even if it was only once—as well as their addresses, and a thousand other details which were most useful to me. *Finally, I discovered after a while that not only had my memory improved, but that I had also acquired greater powers of concentration; a surer judgment—which is by no means surprising since the keenness of our intellect is primarily dependent on the number and variety of the things we remember.*

If you would like to share this experience and to possess those mental powers which are still our best chance of success in life, ask A. U. Borg to send you his interesting booklet *The Eternal Laws of Success*—he will send it free to anyone who wants to improve his memory. Here is the address : *A. U. Borg, c/o Aubanel Publishers, 14 Highfield Road (Rathgar), Dublin, Ireland.*

Write now—while copies of this booklet are still available.

L. CONWAY.

Cat among the pigeons

continued from previous page

Hercule Poirot. I have with me here your pupil Julia Upjohn. I propose to motor down with her immediately, and for the information of the police officer in charge of the case at your school, a certain packet of some value has been safely deposited in the bank."

"But the jewels aren't in the bank," Julia pointed out.

"They will be in a very short time," said Poirot. "But in case anyone may have been listening in at Meadowbank, it is as well that they should think these jewels are already safe. Come. We have no time to waste."

To Hercule Poirot's gratification, Miss Bulstrode appeared to know all about him.

"It was kind of you, Monsieur Poirot," she said, "to ring up and allay our anxiety—all the more so because that anxiety had hardly begun. You weren't missed at lunch, Julia, you know," she added. She looked from Julia to Poirot. "Now, if you please, I want to hear what has happened."

"You permit?" said Hercule Poirot. He stepped across the room, opened the door and looked out. He made an exaggerated gesture of shutting it.

"We are alone," he said mysteriously. "We can proceed."

MISS BULSTRODE looked at Poirot, then at the door, and then at Poirot again. Her eyebrows rose. Resuming her brisk manner, she said: "Now then, Julia, let's hear all about this."

Julia plunged into her story about the exchange of tennis rackets, the mysterious woman, and, finally, her discovery.

At the end of it, Miss Bulstrode turned to Poirot.

"Mademoiselle Julia has stated everything correctly," he said. "I took charge of what she brought me. It is safely lodged in a bank. I think, therefore, that Julia will be in no danger here now." He looked again towards the door.

"I think I understand," said Miss Bulstrode.

"But for all that," said Poirot, "there should be discretion. Do you understand discretion, I wonder?" he added, looking at Julia. "You have a very good story to tell to your friends. That story should not be told."

"Can I trust you, Julia?" said Miss Bulstrode.

"Cross my heart," said Julia.

Miss Bulstrode smiled. "I hope your mother will be home before long."

"Mummy? Oh, I do hope so."

"I understand from Inspector Kelsey," said Miss Bulstrode, "that every effort is being made to get in touch with her." She turned to Poirot. "Julia's mother is in Turkey."

"Can I tell Mummy?" said Julia.

"Of course. Well, Julia, that's all settled. You'd better run along now."

Julia departed. Miss Bulstrode looked very hard at Poirot.

SHE said: "I have understood you correctly, I think. Just now, you made a great parade of closing that door. Actually—you left it slightly open."

Poirot nodded.

"So that what we said could be overheard?"

"Yes. It was a precaution of safety for the child. . . . The news must get round that what she found is safely in a bank, and not in her possession."

Miss Bulstrode looked at Poirot for a moment. "There's got to be an end to all this," she said. . . .

Later that same day, Poirot had an interview with the chief constable.

"The idea is," the chief constable said, "that we try to pool our ideas and information. We are very glad to have you with us, Monsieur," he added. "Inspector Kelsey remembers you."

"It's a great many years ago," said Inspector Kelsey. "Chief Inspector Warrender was in charge of that particular case. I was a fairly raw sergeant knowing my place." He turned to Poirot. "About this present matter—the gentleman called, for convenience's sake by us, Mr. Adam Goodman, is probably not known to you, Monsieur Poirot, but you do know his chief. Special Branch," he added.

"Colonel Pikeaway?" said Hercule Poirot thoughtfully. "Ah, yes, it is some time since I have seen him."

"Now," said the chief constable, "let's get down to things. Certain jewels have been found in a tennis racket. We believe they were concealed inside this racket without the owner's knowledge, so that they would be brought safely to England. We believe them to be the property of the late Sheikh Ali Yusuf of Rafat.

"Now, we don't want any awkward questions to arise about these jewels. You can't keep murder out of the press, and murder hasn't been kept out of the press. But there's been no mention of anything like jewels in connection with it. For the present there needn't be."

"I agree," said Poirot.

"I think," the chief constable went on, "that I'm right in saying that the late ruler of Rafat was regarded as a friend of this country, and that the powers-that-be would like his wishes in respect of any property of his in this country to be carried out. If the new government of Rafat is claiming certain property which they allege belongs to them, it will be much better if we know nothing about such property being in this country." He glanced across at Poirot. "Monsieur, you have friends in very high quarters here. They put much trust in you. Unofficially they would like to leave certain articles in your hands—if you do not object."

"I do not object," said Poirot. "Let us leave it at that. We have more serious things to consider."

"You're right," said Inspector Kelsey. "What we want is a murderer."

"Then tell me," said Poirot, "if it is not too tedious for you to indulge in repetition, all that is known so far."

He settled down to listen. He listened to Inspector Kelsey, and he listened to Adam Goodman. He listened to a brief summing up from the chief constable. Then he leaned back.

"Two murders," he said, "committed in the same place and roughly under the same conditions. One kidnapping—the kidnapping of a girl who might be the central figure of the plot. Let us ascertain first *why* she was kidnapped."

KELSEY said: "She is Sheikh Ali's cousin, and there have been ransom demands. But . . ." he paused.

"But they have been, you think, phoney? They have been sent merely to bolster up the kidnapping theory?"

"That's right. The appointments made weren't kept."

"Shaista, then, was kidnapped for some other reason. What reason?"

"So that she could be made to tell where the—er—valuables were hidden?" suggested Adam doubtfully.

Poirot shook his head.

"She did not know where they were hidden," he pointed out. "That at least is clear. No, there must be something. . . ." Then: "Did you ever notice her knees?"

Adam stared at him in astonishment. "No," he said. "Why should I? Was there something odd about her knees? A scar? Something of that kind?"

"No, no, that is not it at all," Poirot said. "Ah, well, a pity." He turned to the chief constable. "With your permission, I will communicate with my old friend, the Préfet, at Geneva."

"About something that happened

Everybody's Puzzling

QUIZZLE

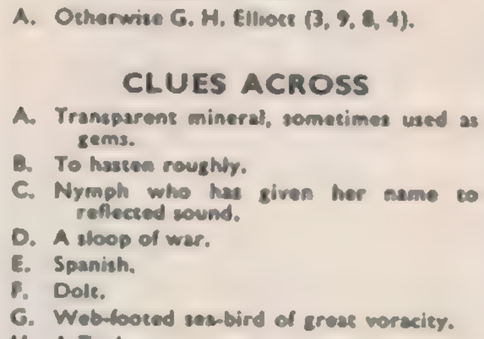
The letters in numbered squares, if placed in the small grid to the left of the puzzle in numerical sequence, will spell a well-known quotation and help to check your solutions.

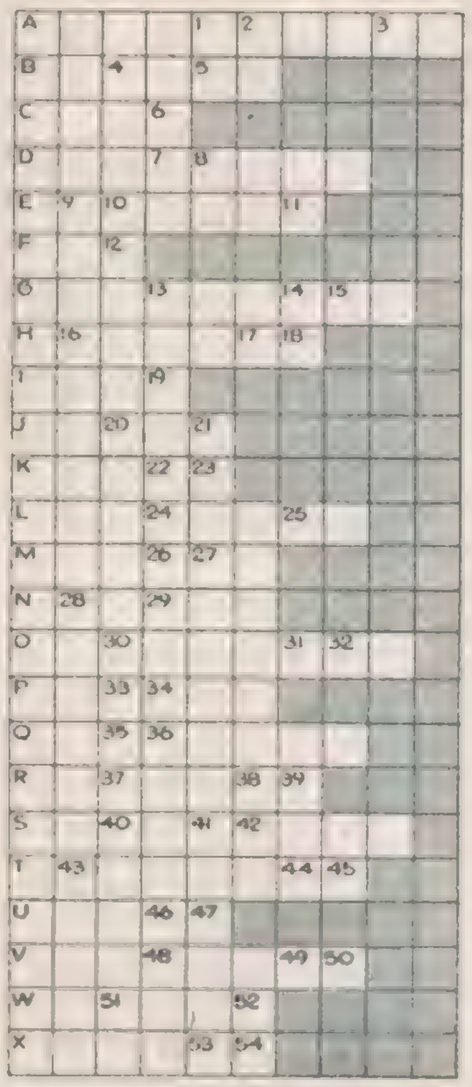
CLUE DOWN

A. Otherwise G. H. Elliott (3, 9, 8, 4).

CLUES ACROSS

A. Transparent mineral, sometimes used as gems.
B. To hasten roughly.
C. Nymph who has given her name to reflected sound.
D. A sloop of war.
E. Spanish.
F. Dolt.
G. Web-footed sea-bird of great voracity.
H. A Turk.
I. The windward side of a ship.
J. Scene of combat.
K. Fidelity.
L. Outskirts of a city.
M. Puma.
N. Sleep-inducing drug.
O. Eye-glasses with a handle.
P. Prayer.
Q. Unaccustomed.
R. The Mohammedan month of fasting by day.
S. Former.
T. Permanent residence.
U. Manuscript volume of the Scriptures.
V. One who makes the best of things.
W. Husband of Titania.
X. Shade of difference.





BRAIN TEASER by Fred Borders

When I bought five shillings' worth of oranges, priced at so much per orange, from a market stall, I complained to the stall-owner that they were smaller than those on show at the front of the pile.

To satisfy me, he added four oranges to those he'd offered me at first. I accepted, and afterwards discovered that my oranges had cost me 6d. per dozen less than the original price.

How many oranges was I first offered for 5s?

NOW TURN TO PAGE 37 FOR THE ANSWERS

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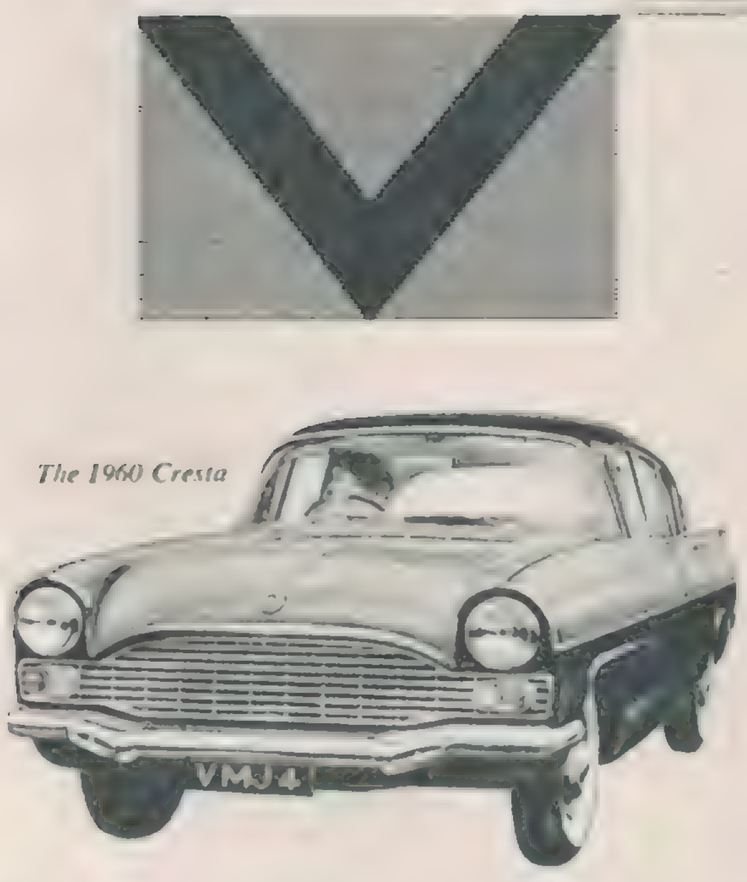
The 1960 Victor de Luxe



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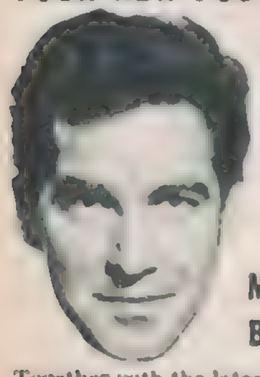

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Cat among the pigeons

continued from page 34

when she was at school over there?"

"It is possible, yes." Poirot paused and went on: "Now we pass from kidnapping to something more serious still. Murder. Two murders at Meadowbank."

"We've given you the facts," said Kelsey. "If you've any ideas. . . ."

"Why the sports pavilion?" said Poirot.

"That was your question, wasn't it?" he said to Adam. "Well, now we have the answer to that one. Because in the sports pavilion there was a tennis racket containing a fortune in jewels.

"Someone knew about that racket. Who was it? It could have been Miss Springer herself. She was, I gather, rather peculiar about that sports pavilion—disliked people coming there. She seemed to be suspicious of their motives." He turned to Kelsey. "Where was Miss Springer before she came to Meadowbank?"

"She left her last place of employment"—the inspector mentioned a famous school—"last summer. Where she has been since, we do not know."

"She *could* have been in Rafat, then," said Poirot thoughtfully.

"I believe there was a party of school teachers out there at the time of the trouble," said Adam.

"Let us say, then, that she was there, that in some way she learned about the tennis racket. Let us assume that, after waiting a short time to familiarize herself with the routine at Meadowbank, she went out one night to the sports pavilion. She got hold of the racket and was about to remove the jewels from their hiding place when *someone* interrupted her.

"Someone who had been watching her? Whoever it was had a pistol—and shot her—but had no time to prise out the jewels, or to take the racket away, because people were approaching who had heard the shot."

"You think that's what happened?" asked the chief constable.

POIROT said: "I do not know. It is one possibility. The other is that that person with the pistol was there *first*, and was surprised by Miss Springer. Someone who Miss Springer was already suspicious of."

"Someone," Kelsey said. "But who?"

"For the first murder, it's a fairly open field. Almost any member of the staff could have killed Miss Springer. The exceptions are Miss Johnson and Miss Chadwick. They are the people who found the body.

"But the second murder—the murder of Miss Vansittart—narrows things down. Miss Rich and Miss Shapland, who is the school secretary, are out of it. Miss Rich was staying at Morton Marsh Hotel, twenty miles away. Miss Shapland was in London at a night club with a Mr. Denis Rathbone."

"And Miss Bulstrode was also away, I understand?"

Adam grinned. The inspector and the chief constable looked shocked.

"Miss Bulstrode," said the inspector severely, "was staying with the Duchess of Welsham."

"That eliminates Miss Bulstrode then," said Poirot gravely. "And leaves us—what?"

"Two members of the domestic staff who sleep in—a Mrs. Gibbons and a girl called Doris Hogg. And the French mistress, Mademoiselle Blanche."

"And the pupils, of course."

Kelsey looked startled. "Surely you don't suspect them?"

"Frankly, no. But one must be exact. Let us return to Mademoiselle Blanche."

"There's no evidence," said Kelsey. "Her credentials seem genuine enough."

"She snooped," said Adam. "But snooping isn't evidence of murder."

"Wait a minute," said Kelsey, "there was something about a key. In our first interview with her—I'll look it up—something about the key of the pavilion falling out of the door and she picked it up. She walked out with it and Springer bawled her out."

"Whoever wanted to go out there at night and look for the racket would have had to have a key to get in with," said Poirot. "For that, it would have been necessary to take an impression."

ADAM said: "Surely in that case she would never have mentioned the key incident to you."

"That doesn't follow," said Kelsey. "Springer might have talked about the key incident. If so, Mademoiselle Blanche might think it better to mention it in a casual fashion."

"It is a point to be remembered," said Poirot.

"It doesn't take us very far," said Kelsey. He looked gloomily at Poirot.

"There would seem," said Poirot, "to be one possibility. Julia Upjohn's mother, I understand, recognized someone here on the first day of term. Someone whom she was surprised to see. She implied that it was someone she had known during her wartime service with foreign espionage. If Mrs. Upjohn definitely points out Mademoiselle Blanche as the person she recognized, then I think we could proceed with some assurance."

"Easier said than done," said Kelsey. "We've been trying to get in contact with Mrs. Upjohn, but Turkey's a big place. We've not traced her yet. Meanwhile that Frenchwoman can walk out any moment she chooses."

Poirot shook his head. "She will not do that, even if she is guilty. If you have committed murder, you do not want to do anything out of character. He paused. "And remember, the person whom Mrs. Upjohn saw does not know that Mrs. Upjohn saw her. The surprise when it comes will be complete." He rose. "Excuse me. I must go and demand of Miss Bulstrode if there is someone here who can draw."

Miss Bulstrode answered Poirot's question without evincing any surprise. "Miss Rich is good at sketching people," she said.

"That is exactly what I need."

Miss Bulstrode left the room and returned with Miss Rich.

After introductions, Poirot said: "You can sketch people? Quickly?"

Eileen Rich nodded. "I often do."

"Good. Please, then, sketch for me the late Miss Springer."

Miss Rich began to draw rapidly.

"*Bien*," said Poirot, taking it from her. "And now, if you please, Miss Bulstrode, your matron, and, yes, Mademoiselle Blanche."

EILEEN RICH looked at him doubtfully, then set to work. He looked at the result, and nodded appreciatively.

"You are good—you are very good. So few strokes—and yet the likeness is there. He smiled at her. "Now I will ask you to do something more difficult. Give, for example, to Miss Bulstrode a different hair arrangement. Change the shape of her eyebrows."

In a moment or two Eileen Rich said: "Here you are."

"Excellent. Now do the same for Mademoiselle Blanche and the matron."

When Miss Rich had finished, Poirot lined up the three sketches.

"Now I will show you something," he said. "Miss Bulstrode, in spite of the changes you have made, is still unmistakably Miss Bulstrode. But look at the other two. Because their features are negative, and since they have not Miss Bulstrode's personality, they appear almost different people."

"I see what you mean," said Eileen

GRATITUDE—3

Next to ingratitude, the most painful thing to bear is gratitude.

H. W. Beecher

"I know I'm a bad cook, but I don't keep on moaning about it"

Rich. She looked at him as Poirot carefully folded the sketches away. "What are you going to do with them?"

"Use them," said Poirot. . . .

"Well—I don't know what to say," said Mrs. Sutcliffe. She looked with definite distaste at Hercule Poirot. "The whole thing has been *most* distressing. I was so glad to have Jennifer safely at home with me. Though, I must say," she added, with a trace of vexation, "she has really been most tiresome. She sulks all day."

"Meadowbank is a very good school," said Hercule Poirot. "It is just an unfortunate phase."

"Rather more than unfortunate!" Mrs. Sutcliffe said. "Two murders! And a girl kidnapped. You can't send your daughter to a school where the mistresses are being murdered all the time." She looked down at the letter that Poirot had brought with him from the chief constable. "I don't quite understand who you are, Monsieur—er—Poirot."

"I am a consultant," said Hercule Poirot loftily.

This flavour of Harley Street encouraged Mrs. Sutcliffe a great deal. "What do you want to talk to Jennifer about?" she asked.

"Just to get her impressions of things," said Poirot. "She is observant—yes?"

"I'm afraid I wouldn't say that," said Mrs. Sutcliffe. "She's not what I call a noticing kind of child at all." She called: "Jennifer."

Jennifer came into the room with a sulky face.

"How do you do?" said Poirot. "I am a very old friend of Julia Upjohn. She came to London to find me."

"Julia went to London?" said Jennifer, slightly surprised. "Why?"

"To ask my advice," said Hercule Poirot.

Jennifer looked unbelieving.

"I was able to give it to her," said Poirot. "She is now back at Meadowbank," he added.

"So nobody took *her* away," said Jennifer, shooting a look at her mother.

HERCULE POIROT looked at Mrs. Sutcliffe, and, perhaps because of some unexplained compulsion, she got up and left the room.

"I am interested, Mademoiselle Jennifer," Poirot went on, "in the woman who came and offered you a new racket for your old one. Do you remember?"

"I should think I do remember," said Jennifer. "I've never found out to this day who really sent it."

"What did this woman look like?" said Poirot.

"The one who brought the racket?" Jennifer half closed her eyes. "Well, I don't know. She had on a sort of fussy dress with a little cape, I think."

"Yes?" said Poirot. "I meant perhaps not so much her clothes as her face."

"A good deal of make-up, I think," said Jennifer vaguely. "Fair hair. I think she was an American."

"Had you ever seen her before?"

"Oh no," said Jennifer.

"You're quite sure? She could not have been, for instance, one of the girls dressed up? Or perhaps one of the mistresses?"

"Dressed up?"

Poirot laid before her the sketch Eileen Rich had done for him of Mademoiselle Blanche.

"This was not the woman, was it?"

Jennifer looked at it doubtfully.

"It's a little like her—but I don't think it's her."

Poirot nodded thoughtfully. There was no sign that Jennifer recognized Mademoiselle Blanche.

"You see," said Jennifer, "I didn't really look at her much. She told me about the racket. . . ."

After that it was clear Jennifer would have had eyes for nothing else.

"I see," said Poirot. He went on: "Did you ever see at Meadowbank anyone that you'd seen out in Rafat?"

"In Rafat?" Jennifer thought. "No. At least, I don't think so."

Poirot pounced on the slight expression of doubt. "But you are not *sure*, Mademoiselle Jennifer."

"Well," Jennifer scratched her forehead with a worried expression, "I mean, you're always seeing people who look like somebody else. You can't quite remember who it is they look like. It's only when somebody's got an odd

Answers to Everybody's Puzzling
See page 34

FRED BORDERS'S BRAIN TEASER

If I get A oranges for 60d., the cost per dozen is $\frac{60 \times 12d.}{A}$, or $\frac{720d.}{A}$. Because I got 4 extra oranges, the cost per dozen works out at $\frac{720d.}{A+4}$. Hence $\frac{720}{A} = \frac{720}{A+4} + 6$, or $720(A + 4) = 720A + 6A(A + 4)$, or $(720 - 6A)(A + 4) = 720A$, or $(120 - A)(A + 4) = 120A$, or $116A - A^2 + 480 = 120A$, or $A^2 + 4A - 480 = 0$. Hence $A = 20$, or -24, and the number of oranges must have been 20.

QUIZZLE

Quotation: Man's love is of man's life a thing apart; 'Tis woman's whole existence. (Lord Byron, *Don Juan*.)
Clue Down: The chocolate-coloured coon.
Clues Across: (A) Tourmaline; (B) Hustle; (C) Echo; (D) Corvette; (E) Hispano; (F) Oaf; (G) Cormorant; (H) Osmanli; (I) Luff; (J) Arena; (K) Troth; (L) Environs; (M) Cougar; (N) Opiate; (O) Lorgnette; (P) Orison; (Q) Unwonted; (R) Ramadan; (S) Erstwhile; (T) Domicile; (U) Codex; (V) Optimist; (W) Oberon; (X) Nuance.

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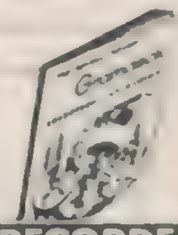

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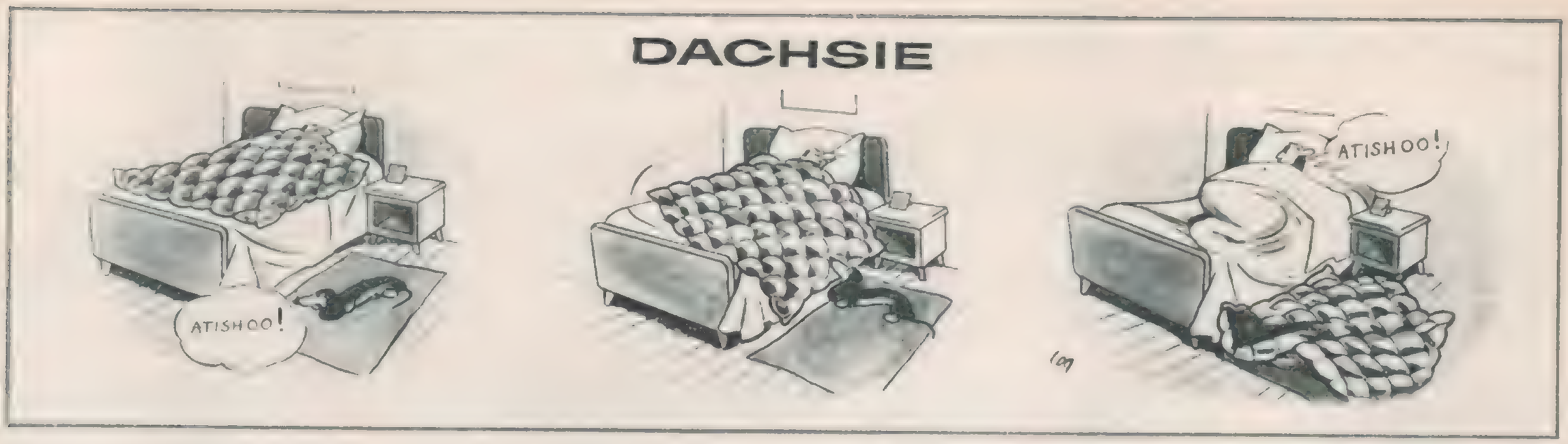

Cat among the pigeons

continued from page 37

sort of face like Miss Rich, that you remember."

"Did you think you'd seen Miss Rich somewhere before?"

"I hadn't really. It must have been someone like her. But it was someone much fatter than she was."

"Someone much fatter?" said Poirot thoughtfully.

"You couldn't imagine Miss Rich being fat," said Jennifer with a giggle. "She's so frightfully thin and knobbly. And anyway, Miss Rich couldn't have been in Rafat because she was away ill last term."

"And the other girls at Meadowbank?" said Poirot. "Had you seen any of them before?"

"No," said Jennifer stolidly. Then a note of interest crept back into her voice. "If Meadowbank is carrying on,

GRATITUDE—4

Nothing tires a man more than to be grateful all the time.

E. W. Howe

I would like to go back. See if you can do anything with Mummy."

"I assure you I will do what I can," said Poirot. . . .

"I want to talk to you, Eileen," said Miss Bulstrode.

Eileen Rich followed Miss Bulstrode into the latter's sitting-room. Meadowbank was strangely quiet. About twenty-five pupils were still there. The panic-stricken rush had, as Miss Bulstrode hoped, been checked.

None of the staff had left. Miss Bulstrode managed apparently without difficulty to be completely herself; unperturbed, and with no sign of strain.

Her secretary had a good deal of time on her hands but did not appear to resent the fact. Ann Shapland spent a good deal of that time in the garden and devoted herself to gardening with quite unexpected efficiency. That she preferred to be instructed in the work by Adam Goodman rather than by old Briggs was perhaps not unnatural.

"Yes, Miss Bulstrode?" said Eileen Rich.

"I've been wanting to talk to you," said Miss Bulstrode. "Whether this school can continue or not I do not know. Meadowbank may be finished. . . ."

"No," said Eileen Rich, interrupting, "not finished." She almost stamped her foot and her hair immediately began coming down. "You mustn't let it be stopped," she said. "It would be a sin—a crime."

"You speak very strongly," said Miss Bulstrode.

"I feel strongly. There are so many things that really don't seem worth while a bit, but Meadowbank does seem worth while. It seemed worth while to me the first moment I came here."

"You're a fighter," said Miss Bulstrode. "I like fighters, and I assure you that I don't intend to give in tamely. In a way I'm going to enjoy the fight to put things right again. You know, when everything's too easy one gets bored. I'm not bored now and I'm going to fight with every ounce of strength I've got, and with every penny I've got, too. Now what I want to say to you is this: If Meadowbank continues, will you come in on a partnership basis?"

"Me?" Eileen Rich stared at her.

"Yes, my dear," said Miss Bulstrode.

"I couldn't," said Eileen Rich. "I don't know enough. I'm too young. I haven't got the experience or the knowledge that you'd want."

"You must leave it to me to know what I want," said Miss Bulstrode. "Mind you, this isn't, at the present moment of talking, a good offer. You'd probably do better for yourself elsewhere. But I want to tell you this, and you've got to believe me: I had already decided before Miss Vansittart's unfortunate death that you were the person I wanted to carry on this school."

"You thought so then?" Eileen Rich stared at her. "But I thought—we all thought—that Miss Vansittart. . . ."

"There was no arrangement made with Miss Vansittart," said Miss Bulstrode. "I had her in mind, I will confess. I've had her in mind for the last two years. But then I decided that she was not what I wanted."

"But she was so suitable," Miss Rich protested. "She would have carried on in exactly your way. She had exactly your ideas."

"Yes," said Miss Bulstrode, "and that's just what would have been wrong. You can't hold on to the past. A certain amount of tradition is good but never too much. A school is for the children of *today*. It's not for the children of thirty years ago." She paused. "There are some schools in which tradition is everything, but Meadowbank is not one of those." She paused again. "You're very much the age I was when I started here, and you've got what I no longer can have at my age—vision. That's why I decided that you and not Eleanor Vansittart should be my successor."

MADEMOISELLE BLANCHE left the classroom where she had been teaching French literature. She glanced at her watch. Yes, there would be plenty of time for what she intended to do. With so few pupils, there was always plenty of time these days.

She went upstairs to her room and put on her hat. She was not one of those who went about hatless. She studied her appearance in the mirror with dissatisfaction. Not a personality to be noticed! Well, there could be advantages in that at present.

And the future was going to be very different. Oh yes, very different. Soon the drab Mademoiselle Blanche would be transformed. She saw it all in her mind's eye. The Riviera. Herself smartly dressed, suitably made up. All one needed in this world was money.

Oh yes, things were going to be very pleasant indeed. It was worth having come to this detestable English school.

She picked up her handbag, went out of her room and along the corridor. Her eyes dropped to the kneeling woman who was busy there. A new daily help. A police spy, of course. How simple they were—to think that one would not know.

A contemptuous smile on her lips, she went out of the house and down the drive to the front gate. The bus stop was almost opposite. She stood at it, waiting.

There were very few people about in this quiet country road. A car, with a man bending over the open bonnet. A man also waiting for the bus.

ONE of them would no doubt follow her. It would be skilfully done. Mademoiselle Blanche was quite alive to the fact, and it did not worry her. They were welcome to see where she went and what she did.

The bus came. She got in. A quarter of an hour later she got out in the main square of the town. She did not trouble to look behind her. She crossed to where the show windows of a fairly large departmental store showed their display of new model gowns. Poor stuff, for provincial tastes, she thought, with a curling lip. But she stood looking at them as though much attracted.

Presently she went inside, made one or two trivial purchases, then went up to the first floor and entered the ladies' rest room. There was a writing table there, some easy chairs, and a telephone box. She went into the box, put the necessary coins in, dialled the number she wanted, waiting to hear if the right voice answered.

She nodded in approval, pressed button A and spoke.

"This is the *Maison Blanche*. You understand me, the *Maison Blanche*? I have to speak of an account that is owed. You have until tomorrow evening to pay into the account of the *Maison Blanche* at the Credit Nationale in London, Ledbury Street branch, the sum that I tell you."

She named the sum.

"If that money is not paid in, then it will be necessary for me to report in the proper quarters what I observed on the night of the 12th. The reference—pay attention—is to Miss Springer. You have a little over twenty-four hours."

She hung up and emerged into the rest room. A woman had just come in from outside. Another customer of the shop, perhaps? Or again, perhaps not. But if the latter, it was too late for anything to be overheard.

Mademoiselle Blanche freshened herself up in the adjoining cloakroom, then went and tried on a couple of blouses, but did not buy them; she went out into the street again, smiling to herself. She looked into a bookshop, then caught a bus back to Meadowbank.

She was smiling to herself as she walked up the drive. She had arranged matters very well. The sum she had demanded had not been too large—not impossible to raise at short notice. And it would do very well to go on with. Because, of course, in the future there would be further demands. . . .

Yes, a very pretty little source of income this was going to be. She had no qualms of conscience. She did not consider it in any way her duty to report to the police what she knew and had seen. That Springer had been a detestable woman, prying into what was no business of hers. Ah, well, she had got her deserts.

Mademoiselle Blanche stayed for a while by the swimming pool. She watched Eileen Rich diving. Then Ann Shapland climbed up and dived—very well, too. There was laughing and squeals from the girls.

A BELL rang, and Mademoiselle Blanche went in to take her junior class. They were inattentive and tiresome, but Mademoiselle Blanche hardly noticed. She would soon have done with teaching for ever.

She went up to her room to tidy herself for supper. Vaguely, without really noticing, she saw that, contrary to her usual practice, she had thrown her garden coat across a chair in the corner instead of hanging it up as usual.

She leaned forward, studying her face in the glass. She applied powder, lipstick. . . .

The movement was so quick that it took her completely by surprise. Noiseless. Professional.

The coat on the chair seemed to gather itself together, drop to the ground and in an instant behind Mademoiselle Blanche a hand with a sandbag rose.

As she opened her lips to scream, the sandbag fell, dully, on the back of her neck.

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NEXT WEEK: The defiance of a cornered murderer

"Cat Among The Pigeons" is to be published as a novel by Collins early in November. Price 12s. 6d.

"Sorry I bothered you, but I seem to have brought the wrong teapot"

You can't play safe in soccer

continued from page 21

felt pad, strapped up the ankle and told me to go out and train on it.

The idea was to support the injury adequately and then use normal muscular activity to heal it. The ankle was soon better. Most doctors still put their faith in complete rest, but physiotherapists believe that rest has been outdated as a cure for athletic injuries. The emphasis is all on immediate training to prevent tissue and ligaments "gumming up." George Swindin, the Arsenal manager, recalls that he was playing top-class soccer again five weeks after a cartilage operation.

Jimmy Hill, the Fulham player, had all four cartilages removed from his knees when he was eighteen. Jimmy got so bored lying in hospital after the operation that he got up and walked home.

With intensive training, he was playing again five weeks later. But after ten years of hard play on those knees, he confesses to an occasional twinge in them, especially on rainy or cold days. Many footballers suffer badly with arthritis once they have given up the game, but, until then, their legs are their living.

Professional football has been played in Britain for more than seventy years. Yet there have been only five fatalities as a direct result of play, and two of these were goalkeepers.

One of the unluckiest injuries of recent years was that sustained by Derek Dooley, of Sheffield Wednesday, whose leg was amputated after it had become infected from what was at first thought to be a minor injury.

Another unlucky footballer was Jimmy Meadows, of Manchester City, who had a wonderful career before him when an injury severed a cruciate ligament in his knee. By ceaseless exercise, Meadows built up the muscles of his thighs to "cushion" his knees from shocks. But in play, his leg failed him again and again.

Finally, a clever surgeon removed one of his cartilages and used it to try to secure the severed ligament back upon the bone. The operation appeared to be a success and Jimmy played in several reserve matches, but during one of the games the connection snapped, and Jimmy was out of the game for good.

Such tragedies are rare in soccer. Football clubs' treatment rooms are like hospitals. At Deepdale, apart from the usual equipment like slipper baths, massage tables, lamps for radiant heat, infra red and sunlight, Desmond Coupe operates an ultra short-wave diathermy machine for deep-heat treatment which cost £250, and a physiotron, costing £100, which gives out three types of low frequency current for muscular stimulation, chemical ionization and soothing. He also has a hot paraffin wax bath.

Warning of trouble

Another machine in use at many clubs is an ultrasonic sound-wave machine, which massages deep into tissue quicker than the eye can see. The machine makes a sound pitched so high that only birds can hear it, and has been used to try to scare birds off farmland.

Most of my injuries have been due to strains and stresses rather than to undue rough handling. I have played for England forty times as an outside-right, thirty-three times as a left-winger, and three times at centre-forward, so I have a good working knowledge of almost every type of foul perpetrated in world soccer.

Many defenders like to give the forward they are marking a hard knock early in the game to intimidate him. In one of my first matches for Preston in 1947, I dribbled the ball round a famous international full-back.

When play switched to the other side of the field, he came up to me and, out of the corner of his mouth, said: "Look, sonny, get rid of the ball."

"Why?" I asked innocently.

"Because if you don't," he said malignantly, "I shall boot you over the stand the next time you make me look daft before my own crowd."

Some defenders, like Jimmy Scoular, of Newcastle United, and Billy Wright, the recently-retired captain of Wolves and England, are built like steel girders. When you run into them it hurts. But the most dangerous opponent of all is the soccer "killer," who glories in sheer physical contact and who has a reputation for "clogging" his rivals. Fortunately, there are few of them.

On one occasion, a full-back who was notorious for dealing out this sort of treatment travelled to a match in the same coach as the opposing team. During the journey the full-back remarked that he felt in a dangerous mood that day, and that his opposite number had better watch out. When the information was conveyed up the coach, the face of the winger went white. During the game, he kept well clear of the full-back.

Unlike American gridiron footballers or even some British rugby footballers, there is little British soccer players can wear to avoid injuries.

When I first began playing in League football just after the war, it was customary for players to bind their feet with cotton wool and elastic bandaging. They thought it safeguarded ankles and helped them to kick the ball harder. I did the same, but with me it was only a passing fashion. I now wear nothing but a shirt, shorts, groin strap, stockings, shinguards and boots.

A footballer's best friends, next to his manager, are the club's trainer, physiotherapist and doctor. The real strength of a club lies as much in these men as in the players. Saturday's match is only the culmination of a week's hard work.

Desmond Coupe says that the most common soccer injuries he has to attend are bruises by boot or knee, and muscle, ligament and ankle tendon strain. Cartilage trouble is not so common as is popularly supposed. In ten years at Deepdale, Desmond has seen only two players, Willie Forbes and Angus Morrison, operated on for the removal of these rather unnecessary segments of gristle which cushion either side of the knee joint.

In Brazil, young footballers are encouraged to have all their cartilages removed at the start of their careers. A dislodged medial or inner cartilage can put a footballer out of action for seven or eight weeks, an external cartilage for several months.

Shocked silence

With serious injury an ever-present prospect, many footballers are ensuring a secure future by concentrating on extra careers. With my brother Joe, I have built up a plumbing and electrical business in Preston. We employ a staff of forty-seven, so I have no need to stay in football to earn a living.

But I feel that I owe it to the fans to play on and to play hard. At Deepdale in 1956, Ron Batty, the Newcastle United full-back, tackled me so hard just before half-time that I went down as if my leg was broken. I was carried from the field on a stretcher in a shocked and tense silence. None in the crowd expected to see me again, certainly not in that match and perhaps not for the rest of the season.

But below the stand, Jimmy Milne worked feverishly to get me back on my feet. I was able to lead out the team as usual after the interval.

I shall never forget the heartfelt cheer that went up from the 35,000 home fans. They applauded for five or six minutes. The referee had to wait for the noise to subside before he could blow his whistle for the restart.

It is that kind of loyalty and affection which makes it impossible for a footballer to play safe. THE END

Does your voice get you on?

continued from page 17

teachers he found that their inflections rose a little too high, so that their voices sounded patronizing.

Secondly, he found that one group of jobs (including policemen, top models and hospital almoners) appealed to people who used the same voice both at work and at home. Another group (including chauffeurs, telephonists and assistants in expensive shops) attracted people who had one voice at home and another for business. A third group (doctors, salesmen and others who met a wide range of people at their own level) had still more flexible voices.

Besides being a business asset, better speech helps to get people on socially. "It suggests," says one speech teacher, "a more gracious way of life. It's a levelling up, not down."

A rising Birmingham business man who had taken a job in London married a girl from the South. Because of his Birmingham accent, her parents looked on him as a rough diamond and he naturally resented their attitude. It caused frequent quarrels with his wife.

Their marriage might have failed if she had not persuaded him to take lessons in speaking. After working hard for a year, he developed a voice which was softer and more resonant. He had also eliminated most of his Midlands accent. He not only got on better with his in-laws; he found, too, that he was more at ease with his business colleagues.

If a man wants to get on socially, it is not enough for him that he should speak standard English. He must speak it with the southern English middle-class accent which is also spoken by the public-school educated middle-class in other parts of the country. It is known widely as "B.B.C. English," to phoneticians as "received pronunciation."

England is probably unique in giving social preference to a purely class accent. Other countries tend to prefer a particular regional accent which is spoken by all the classes in that region.

Even in England, the idea of "B.B.C. English" is comparatively recent. It did not exist in the last century and recordings of Gladstone and Tennyson show that they spoke with the speech of their native region.

Today, only Scottish, Canadian and American accents are as acceptable socially as received pronunciation, probably because they are also the speech of the middle-class in these countries. Welsh is not acceptable. Nor—because they often indicate a working-class origin—are English regional accents.

Ironically, while many people improve their speech in the hope of achieving success, being successful itself often improves a person's speech.

John Naylor, a young teacher at the City Literary Institute, had a friend who spoke badly. His voice was dull and flat and corresponded exactly with his attitude to his dead-end office job.

Naylor did not see his friend for six months. When at last they met, he was surprised to find that his friend's voice had changed completely. It was lively.

Naylor quickly learned the reason for the improvement. His friend had not had lessons. He had changed his job. After much thought, he had left the office for a teacher's training college. "His new voice," says Naylor, "reflected his new interest in life."

According to one speech teacher, the commonest speech faults in adults are monotony and a lack of pauses. "People give no time to the important things."

They do not move their lips enough or place the voice far enough forward in their mouth. Nervousness tightens throat muscles, making the voice whine.

Today's children will probably grow up better speakers than their parents because schools are spending more time on speech-training. Miss Maysie Cobby, inspector of speech and drama for London schools, says: "We're aiming at fluency, a pleasant delivery and speech which is the expression of personality."

Formal elocution is not wanted. The aim is to teach children how to communicate in everyday life—with their parents, their friends, when applying for a job or speaking in public.

Adults who speak badly do not always need lessons to improve their speech. Books help and so does the criticism of candid friends.

But whether people help themselves or join classes, hard work is vital. It may take a year of lessons—plus two or three practice sessions each day—to make a real improvement.

One civil service typist who took speech lessons at the City Literary Institute was so timid she would hardly open her mouth to say "yes" and "no." But she gradually gained confidence and went on to join the drama class. Soon afterwards, she started wearing black stockings and brass earrings. She left her job and went to work in a Left-wing bookshop. And she developed a strong German accent.

"Later," says Trevenen Peters, supervisor of speech and drama at the institute, "she compromised and went back to office work, but with a much more outgoing personality. We regard her as a great success." THE END

HOW GOOD ARE YOUR NERVES?

page 12

Your answers to the questions should be scored as follows:

1. (a) 5. (b) 10. (c) 0.
2. (a) 0. (b) 10.
3. (a) 0. (b) 0. (c) 10.
4. (a) 0. (b) 10. (c) 5.
5. (a) 5. (b) 0. (c) 10.
6. (a) 0. (b) 5. (c) 10.
7. (a) 5. (b) 10. (c) 0.
8. (a) 10. (b) 0. (c) 5.
9. (a) 0. (b) 5. (c) 10.
10. (a) 10. (b) 5. (c) 0.

There can be a nature so insensitive that its owner is neither very human nor very likeable. Fright, like bravery, has its place in a healthy, intelligent human nervous system. People who are really "nerveless" in this way will score 95 or 100, but it's hardly a desirable score. The psychologically normal person, with normal qualms and understandable doubts, will score between 80 and 90, and can be assured that his nerves are all they should be. Current frustrations or relics of past problems not completely solved will bring the total down to 70-75, and most adults will be in this group. A total of 65 or fewer suggests that faith in one's own capabilities needs to be restored by clear thinking and some mental stock-taking.

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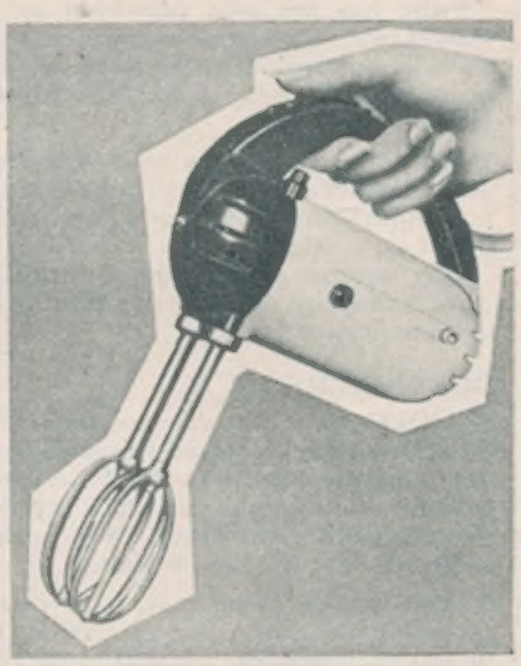

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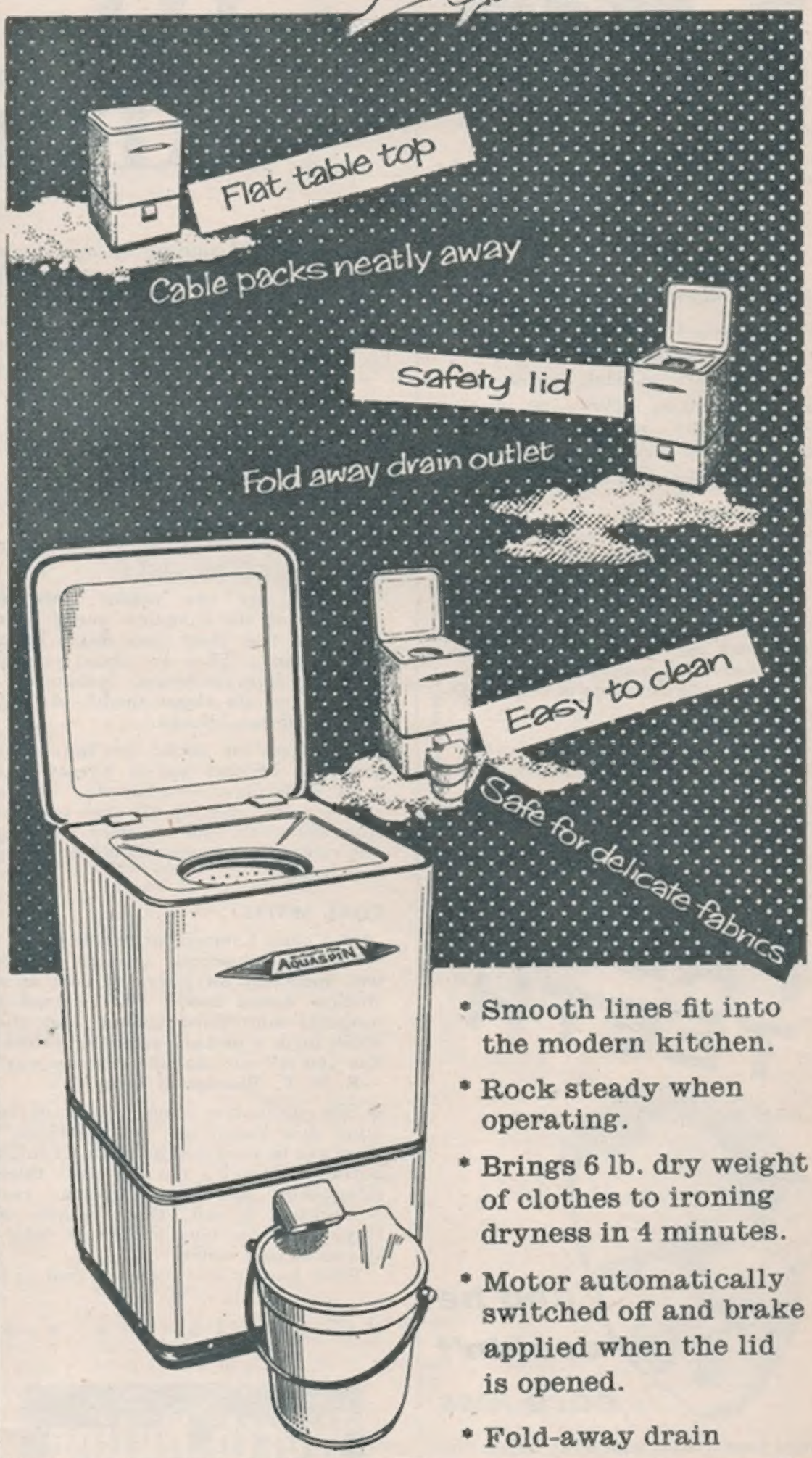

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We advise . . .

AFTER signing an agreement and paying a deposit on a three-piece suite in a certain colour, I was informed that the suite could not be supplied in that colour and that a mistake had been made in the price. I would have to pay £13 more. I cancelled the order, but have been unable to get my deposit back. Have I a right to my money back?—Mrs. J. D., Liverpool, 6.

● You have no obligation to accept any goods except of the colour which you ordered and at the original price.

You can now sue for your deposit and a solicitor's letter may save you from going to court.

SUBMERGED TROUBLE

THERE are two poplar trees in front of my bungalow and I have been told that their roots might harm the building. They are about twenty feet away from the house. Is there anything I can do about them?—A. M., Marlow Bottom, Bucks.

● The trees are rather too near your property, another ten or twenty feet away would have been better.

If you can open up a trench ten feet from the trunk, four feet deep, severing any roots you see, you should not have any trouble.

COAL MOTIF

AS a child I remember people preparing a chemical solution which was sprinkled on pieces of coal in a shallow flower bowl. This started a fungoid, multi-hued growth and the whole made a pleasing table decoration. Can you tell me what this mixture was?—R. M. T., Blackpool, Lancs.

● The decorative coals you have in mind were known as "coalie flowers." They can be produced by mixing a small bottle of Steven's red ink with three tablespoons of clear ammonia, two tablespoons of salt, three packets of Haye's powder blue and three tablespoons of cold water.

Place four or five pieces of coal in a bowl and pour the mixture over them. The bowl is then placed in a warm corner and a teaspoon of salt and about a tablespoon of water added every second day.

You can experiment with blue ink or substituting Reckitt's blue.

TWO SETS, ONE LICENCE

AT present I am living with my sister who has her own television set. I should like to have my own in the house as well, but would we be liable for two licences?—Mrs. R. C. B., New Milton, Hants.

● While you are living with your sister as a member of her household you will not require an additional licence for the use of your television set.

Any number of television or radio receivers may be used by one family under one licence.

DOUBLE CREDIT

I HOLD two postwar credits in the name of my deceased husband, both dated for the year 1944-45. I have been paid for one, but the tax office say they will not pay for the other. Why is this?—Mrs. R. L., Beccles, Suffolk.

● You cannot have two credit certificates for the same period. What has probably happened is that your late husband would receive a postwar credit at one stage, but later his tax liability for that year was adjusted.

This would entail an adjustment in his postwar credit, and a further certificate would be issued, cancelling the original one.

TIME FOR TRIMMING

HAVING grown some Cupressus Lawsoniana trees for hedging purposes, we are now doubtful when to cut out the tops and start trimming the sides and the right time of the year for cutting. The trees are now about nine feet tall, the top four feet being thin and spindly. We should like a hedge about five to six feet in height.—B. K. S., Suffolk.

● It would have been wise to cut off the tips each year as soon as the trees reached a height of five feet.

April is the best time to trim these conifers and a knife or secateurs should be used, not shears.

Cut out the tips only, not hard back into old wood—but since your trees are already too tall, you might cut back about two feet now and another two feet next April. Then trim with a knife each April in succeeding years.

ALLOWANCE FOR BABY

WE hope soon to adopt a baby which is at present in our care. Can I claim income tax allowance now, or must I wait till final adoption is completed? Do I get allowance on the whole of the financial year, or only from the date of the claim?—A. H., Emsworth, Hants.

● You will have to wait until the final adoption is completed, but when this is done you will be able to claim the allowance for the whole of the tax year.

CATS NEXT DOOR

ON buying my house I was told that no business could be carried on in it. Now we have a neighbour who breeds and sells Siamese cats—which are a perfect nuisance. Damage is being done and I wonder if I can ask the council to have the business stopped.—G. D., Hillingdon, Middx.

● The breeding of cats in a private house would not be regarded as constituting a business, unless the major part of the premises were given over to it.

If, however, an unreasonable number of cats is kept this would constitute a nuisance and you could take legal action to have it abated.

YOUR SAFEGUARD

I AM having a house built and on the builder's specification it says it is covered by the usual guarantees. I know this covers any faults found within six months, but do I also keep a percentage of the complete price for the same period and what percentage would it be?—Mrs. G. P., Christchurch, Hants.

● Unless the builder's contract provides for you to withhold a sum until the guarantee expires, you would not be entitled to do so.

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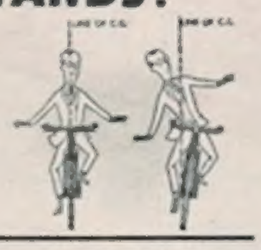

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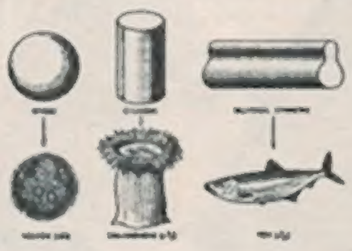

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